

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1768

MARCH 24, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

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## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week . . . . .	275	The Land-Grave . . . . .	285
Literature:		A Literary Causerie:	
Sir Richard Burton . . . . .	277	New Ideas for Old . . . . .	285
The Making of Egypt . . . . .	279	Fiction . . . . .	286
Mr. Lang on Scott . . . . .	280	Fine Art:	
The Early English Drama . . . . .		A Hardy Annual . . . . .	288
Society . . . . .	280	Some Masterpieces of En-	
Yone Noguchi . . . . .	282	graving and Etching . . . . .	288
The Age of the Salon . . . . .	282	Forthcoming Books . . . . .	289
Coleridge and the Wedgwood . . . . .		Correspondence . . . . .	289
Pension—I. . . . .	283	Books Received . . . . .	291
The Bookshelf . . . . .	293		

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

"POETRY IN YOUTH AND AGE" is one of several sub-titles which Mr. Mackail might have given to his inaugural lecture, just published by the Clarendon Press. In youth nearly every one reads and enjoys poetry, and most people try to make it. Youth is the season for writing poetry; the boys have all the best of it. In last month's *North American Review* there was a pleasant article by Mr. Francis E. Clark on "What English Poetry owes to young people," which touched just the fringe of the subject. His list of poets who died young comprises Kirke White, Chatterton, Shelley, Pollok, Wolfe, Marlowe, Beaumont, Keats, Richard Gall, Robert Nicoll and David Gray: the list might be extended indefinitely, if it were to include the poets who did their best work when they were young. All great poets have done their best when they were young; save, perhaps, that exception to almost every rule of human frailty, Shakespeare, who wrote *The Tempest* in full maturity. Instances will crowd to the mind: the Swinburne of "Poems and Ballads," and the Swinburne of the 'nineties; the Wordsworth of "Resolution and Independence" and the Wordsworth of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets; the Tennyson of "Locksley Hall" and the Tennyson of "Locksley Hall sixty years after." We know what Matthew Arnold thought of the matter—in "one of the most dismal of English lyrics," as Mr. Mackail calls it, "The Progress of Poesy;" and, though there are a few instances of good work done by men in whom the slow and conscious labour of composition has worthily replaced the fire of youth which does the labour unconsciously, the fact remains that in poetry youth has it all.

It would be interesting to discover what poetry is read and valued most by older men. Do they read the poetry written by older men? We believe not. They still read the poetry written by young men; but only so much of it as has "kept"; that is, has the power of appealing to them by qualities which they did not notice when they too were young. For youth loves the sound and scarcely anything else. It goes chanting to itself:

Fair as a rose is our earth, as a rose under water in prison  
Stretches and swings to the slow, passionate pulse of the sea;

or something of the sort, revelling in the "jolly" feeling it gives. Age cannot read it, and never chants it. It turns to poems that Wordsworth wrote before he was thirty, or to the songs of some other stripling, and finds in them not gratification of the senses alone, but some higher pleasure in which the senses, indeed, have their part, but which knits up senses and judgment, the whole man, and showers upon him consolation and peace and strength. The power of seeing so much more in poetry is one of the pleasures of advancing years to which, we think, Professor William Knight did not refer in his talks on old age in these columns. The power of poetry to please all ages is one of the surest proofs that it is great.

There was mention in Parliament, the other day, of a "war of the future" book, at present appearing serially in this country; and now it appears that Austria is perturbed by the publication of a similar work describing an imaginary campaign between the Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. Evidently this sort of literature has its public; and it is interesting to note how national characteristics are manifested in the writing of it. On the continent, as a rule, the underlying spirit is Chauvinistic. France, before the *entente*, produced "*Sus à l'Angleterre*," which exhibited England humbled in the dust. Germany has on more than one occasion similarly demolished us on paper. Our own romances in the *genre* have, on the contrary, mostly been composed in a spirit of pessimism for the purpose of drawing attention to weak points in the national defences. "The Battle of Dorking" is the classical instance; but there are plenty of others. It cannot be said, of course, that fiction of either sort brings us perceptibly nearer to the day when the sword will be beaten into the ploughshare, but if we are to have it at all, it is better that it should be utilitarian than aggressively bellicose.

A correspondent writes: When Mr. Keir Hardie, in the House the other night, complained that Mr. Hunt had twice uttered the expression: "I don't care a damn!" the Chairman replied that the words had not reached him, but, if used, they were "quite disorderly." Mr. Keir Hardie made his protest, no doubt, in all sincerity, in the interests of public morality. But here was a question for Professor Skeat. Why "quite disorderly"? Did it occur to nobody that the words, if used as spelt in the reports, were devoid of meaning? Mr. Hunt was probably unaware of the fact that what he said was, in effect: "I don't care a brass farthing!" A *dam* was an Indian coin with a Portuguese origin, the value of which was about the eighth of a penny. I was present in a Bombay Court some years ago when a lawyer defended the use of the phrase by a client—to the discomfiture of the judge.

It is refreshing to meet with an outward and visible sign of a great writer. Those who have travelled on the road of Robert Louis Stevenson will have felt this pleasure. But a work due to the inspiration of another master of style may be found nearer than on a South Sea island—in the University Museum at Oxford, where two skilled men are at present carving the capitals of the columns which surround the Central Court. Mr. Ruskin indicated the spirit of this decorative work in these words: "Your Museum at Oxford is literally the first building raised in England since the close of the fifteenth century, which has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in nature, and in the genius of the workman who gathered out of nature the materials he needed."

As one stood by the side of one of these workmen and listened to his enthusiastic comments on his task, which is to carve on these capitals representatives of the natural orders of botany, one realised more fully Ruskin's idolatry of nature. On one side stands a sketch of a flower and its foliage; on the other is a tin containing a living specimen of the plant; out of the uneven Taynton stone grows a gem of imitation. The two men have forsaken conventional designs. Their favourite expression is "nature is soft." This softness they have tried with wonderful success to reproduce. Except the carvings over the door of the Chapter House in Southwell Minster we have seen nothing like it in England. Unlike their predecessors the O'Sheas, whose work sometimes reaches real genius, and at other times is very crude, the present sculptors have reached and keep a high stage of natural ornamentation. We can imagine Mr. Ruskin's delight if he could see the carvings of the Jasmine, the Dandelion or the *Convolvulus*. It is a work which will be a lasting monument to the inspiration of his writings.

The sale at Sotheby's on Tuesday next of the manuscript of "To Mary in Heaven" is naturally arousing widespread interest on the northern side of the border. A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* suggests that "an organised effort should be made by the 50,000 odd per-fervid Caledonians in London to purchase this precious relic of our national bard." Charles Mackay, in his "Thousand and One Gems," includes, as one would expect, "To Mary;" but "Highland Mary," a truer and in every way more characteristic lyric, which has a place both in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and in Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford anthology, Mackay rejected. As Mr. Holman Hunt reminded us lately, Tennyson remarked to Palgrave, while Burns was being considered for admission to the "Golden Treasury," that the refrain: "Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast," had the ring of hysterical insincerity and bombast.

The manuscript of Dr. John Brown's Scottish idyll, "Rab and his Friends," which will be sold at the same time as the Burns holograph, consists of twenty-three pages of small quarto ruled paper, written on both sides, indicating apparently that the story was not originally prepared for the printer. At the end of the manuscript there are some lines, evidently for use when Dr. Brown lectured. "I have in my head," the unprinted words read, "a human and a dog moral, if thought advisable; but I prefer every one being his or her own moralist. J.B." "Rab and his Friends" was first read in his native village: "I read it to the Biggar folk," the author relates, "very frightened, and felt I was reading it ill, and their honest faces intimidated as much in their affectionate and puzzled looks." "Rab" was included in the first issue of "Horæ Subsecivæ," a now scarce volume, published in 1858.

#### ACTIVE EYES

WHEN I happen to take up a novel,  
It gives me no little surprise  
To read of the things which the heroes  
And heroines do with their eyes.

We'll suppose the scene's laid in a ball-room,  
The hero, young, handsome and tall,  
Will let his eyes WANDER around him  
Till they on the heroine FALL.

Then he'll fix them upon her a minute,  
Until, perhaps, feeling his glance,  
Her eyes will MEET his: then the hero  
Will ask her to give him a dance.

If the heroine's gifted with shyness  
She'll DROP her eyes down, there's no doubt;  
But if she's a modern young woman  
She'll probably THROW them about.

There will certainly be an engagement,  
An *affaire de cœur*, when, we'll say,  
The heroine's eyes and the hero's  
Will FOLLOW each other all day.

And of course, when the wedding is over,  
Their eyes, that are SWIMMING with bliss,  
Will be BENT on each other in rapture  
As the four lips meet in a kiss.

We are always being told that our actors are inferior to the French actors, but any one who goes to Terry's to see *A Judge's Memory* will find good acting making a success of an indifferent play. Mr. Brandon Thomas's comedy ought to have been played as a costume piece, in the "costume" of the Bancroft-Robertson era at the Dusthole, or, better still, the "costume" of 1879, a far-off date which appears to be about the period of Mr. Thomas's ambition. Beyond a dear old plot and some dear old characters—like the good innocent boy who goes to prison to save his brother—we saw nothing in the play, as a play, to attract any one under sixty-five. But the acting is quite another matter. Here is Mr. James Welch—whom the public, forgetting *The Man in the Street* and other

delicate studies in pathos, is too apt to regard as only an object for laughter—playing with his usual extraordinary cleverness a part in which simple pathos and sincerity hold the house entranced. Nearly every one else acts well (the old grand manner of Mr. Fernandez is a thing to study), and the pessimists should go and be convinced that the art is not dead in England.

A writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* points out that if a madman is dangerous to society, a person who is half mad may be extremely useful and sometimes even a Superman. The life of Comte, for instance, was a succession of attacks of madness with intervals in which he was half mad and wrote his books. Saint Simon, the inventor of socialism, believed himself to be the Vicar of God, and was honoured one night when he was in prison by a visit from Charlemagne, who said that Saint Simon was as great a philosopher as he (Charlemagne) had been a warrior and a ruler. Most Russian writers have had some affinity with the lunatic. Gogol died, believing himself to be the Alpha and Omega of creation, and Dostoevsky, of whom Mr. Maurice Baring has been writing learnedly in the *Morning Post*, had like Mahomet, fits of epilepsy, which he declared to be delicious. Tolstoi was not wholly sane even in childhood. When quite young he was seized with a violent wish to fly, and jumped out of a window with disastrous results; his ruling passion in youth was to do nothing like anybody else. Introduced to three girls at once, he fell in love with one, thought it was another, and ended up by worshipping the third. Later, he put on a blouse and worked with the moujiks. What need to mention Tasso, Schumann, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Edgar Allan Poe, Dr. Johnson, Collins, Cowper, Rousseau, Maupassant, and Zola, who as he walked along the street kept adding up numbers that he saw affixed to the backs of cabs?

The American *Critic* has commenced publication of the alleged "love-letters of Mme. de Staël to Benjamin Constant." The letters are, no doubt, genuine; but they are not love-letters in any sense of the word. The rupture between the lovers took place in 1808, when Constant married Charlotte von Hardenberg. It was confirmed, three years later, by Mme. de Staël's marriage to Rocca. The correspondence now printed by Charlotte von Hardenberg's great grand-daughter, the Baroness de Nolde, only begins in August 1813, and is conducted with less warmth of expression than Mme. de Staël commonly employed when writing to the least intimate of her acquaintances. Why the members of the de Broglie family should, as the *Critic* says they do, object to the publication we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. All the letters to the publication of which they might reasonably have objected were handed to the Duchesse de Broglie by M. Charles de Constant in 1831. If they have not been destroyed, they are in safe custody in the Tower of the Archives at Coppet. The love-story which they tell, and on which much light is thrown by documents in the manuscript department of the Geneva Public Library, is, we understand, the subject of a work which Mr. Francis Gribble has nearly ready for publication.

At the Town Hall, Chelsea, on Monday afternoon, Professor Knight said that the readings he was to give from Browning and Tennyson were an experiment, in response to a wish addressed to him some time ago. He had lectured on the English poets for more than forty years; and written, he feared, too much on some of them. But he found that a feeling had arisen in certain quarters, with which he fully sympathised, that we had now too many oral lectures on our poets; especially since we had so large a library of admirable printed essays on them and endless discussions about them. He thought, with many others, that the time had arrived when sympathetic



readings from the great poets might be made more educative and useful, more illustrative and informing, than any new lectures about them were likely to be. He began with Browning, before dealing with our late Laureate; because, if an hour devoted to the reading of Browning should dissipate the notion that he was an obscure thinker and writer, no difficulty would be felt with the poetry of Tennyson. The readings from Browning included the following: "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Incidents of the French Camp," "Evelyn Hope," "Meeting at Night," "Parting at Morning," "The Guardian Angel," "May and Death," "Abt Vogler," "The Youth of Sordello," and other pieces.

The quater-centenary celebration of the foundation of the original University buildings in Old Aberdeen and the inauguration of the new extension to Marischal College are to take place next September. Bishop Elphinstone, ambassador to France under James IV. of Scotland, established the northern University, and invited Hector Boece, the Latin historian of Scotland, to preside over the College; and it was mainly through his influence that the first printing-press—that of Chepman and Myllar—was established in Scotland. A considerable amount of quater-centenary literature is in the press, and the students' contribution will be an edition of Neil Maclean's "Life at a Northern University."

The date of the first performance of the Literary Theatre Society has been changed to Sunday, April 1, when Mr. Sturge Moore's *Aphrodite against Artemis* will be performed at 8.30 P.M. Miss Florence Farr will take the part of Phædra, and the scenery and dresses have been designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. Tickets cannot be obtained at the door, but only on application to the Secretary, Miss M. Currey, 88 Philbeach Gardens, S.W.

The following are among the fixtures for next week:

Society of Arts, Monday, March 26, at 8 P.M. Cantor Lectures—"Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." By Professor Vivian B. Lewes. Four Lectures. Wednesday, March 28, at 8 P.M. Ordinary meeting—"Coal Conservation, Power Transmission, and Smoke Prevention." By Arthur J. Martin, M.Inst.C.E.

## LITERATURE

### SIR RICHARD BURTON

(FIRST NOTICE.)

*The Life of Sir Richard Burton.* By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols. (Everett & Co., 24s. net.)

THIS book is certain to give rise to a kind of controversy in which we prefer not to participate. At one and the same time it dethrones Burton from the place he has hitherto held in general estimation, and enthrones him as one of the most remarkable men of his time, although not on account of the translations on which his fame has hitherto been based. It was generally recognised that Lady Burton's Life was little more than an indiscriminate eulogy composed by a very loyal and not very clever lady writing in great feebleness of health. In place of this Mr. Wright has given us a detailed biography of one of the most striking figures in the nineteenth century. In this preliminary notice our intention is to deal only with the Life itself reserving our consideration of Burton's work for a future occasion.

Every man's life, if properly understood, would work out into a kind of harmony, and the success of a biographer lies in clearing away apparent discords so that the growth of a man may be truly explained. It is almost necessary to begin in the Scotch way with a short ell of pedigree, and Burton's ancestry to a considerable extent accounts for his idiosyncrasies. He loved to suppose himself

descended from Louis XIV. and his biographer puts the fable in this way:

La Belle Montmorency, a beauty of the French court, had, it seems, a son, of which she rather believed Louis to be the father. In any circumstances she called the baby Louis Le Jeune, put him in a basket of flowers and carried him to Ireland, where he became known as Louis Drelincourt Young.

In process of time this baby's grand-daughter married the Rev. Edward Burton, Richard Burton's grandfather. Mr. Wright cautiously remarks that "a runnel of the blood of 'le grand monarque' tripped through Burton's veins." The name is a Romany one, and he seems inclined to the opinion of those who credited Burton with gypsy lineage. When we add that through his maternal grandmother he was descended from Rob Roy, Scotland's Robin Hood, it will easily be seen that his taste for wandering might be inherited. His parents were Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton and Martha Beckwith, the daughter of Richard and Sarah Baker, of Barham House, Elstree, Hertfordshire. This Richard Baker was a country gentleman who might have walked out of one of the novels of George Meredith. "With his fat acres, his thumping balance at the bank, his cellar of crusted wine, and his horse that never refused a gate, this world seemed to him a nether paradise." One aspiration only remained for a long time unsatisfied, and this was "a grandson with unmistakably red hair." Of Burton's father we have this thumb-nail sketch:

The Burtons resided at Torquay, and Colonel Burton busied himself chiefly in making chemical experiments, of which he was remarkably fond; but the other members of the household, who generally went about holding their noses, appear not to have sympathised with his studies and researches. He was very superstitious—nothing, for instance, could induce him to reveal his birthday; and he fretted continually because he was not permitted to invest his wife's money and make a second fortune; which no doubt he would very soon have done—for somebody else.

Burton was born at Torquay on March 19, 1821, and to the joy of his kindred came into the world with hair of a fierce and fiery red. Old Mr. Baker was rendered almost speechless with joy, and vowed he would leave the whole of his fortune to the grandson who had so accurately fulfilled his aspirations in regard to hair. It may be said here that the intention of the old man was frustrated in a somewhat dramatic manner. He intended to have left the whole of his property, worth about half a million, to his grandson, but for a long time one of his female relatives, with an eye to her own interests, deterred him from making his will.

Three years passed away, but at last Mr. Baker resolved to be thwarted no longer, so he drove to his lawyer's. It was the 16th of September 1824. He reached the door and leapt nimbly from his carriage; but his foot had scarcely touched the ground before he fell dead of heart disease. So the old will had to stand, and the property, instead of going to Burton, was divided among the children of Mr. Baker, Burton's mother taking merely her share. But for this extraordinary good hap Richard Burton might have led the life of an undistinguished country gentleman; ingloriously breaking his dogs, training his horses and attending to the breed of stock.

In the meanwhile Colonel Burton, being subject to asthma, had gone abroad and had taken up his residence near Tours, and the family seem to have divided their time between Tours and Elstree. As he grew up, Richard's hair turned from its fiery obtrusive red to a jet black. In 1829 the Burtons came back to England, and Richard and his brother Edward were sent to a preparatory school at Richmond Green, where Richard did little work and in the playtime occupied himself chiefly with fighting other boys.

"On the first occasion," he says, "I received a blow in the eye, which I thought most unfair, and having got my opponent down I proceeded to hammer his head against the ground, using his ears by way of handles. My indignation knew no bounds when I was pulled off by the bystanders, and told to let my enemy stand up again. 'Stand up!' I cried, 'after all the trouble I've had to get the fellow down.'"

In these circumstances, it was, perhaps, no wonder that

the boy grew up to hate England and to wish for his dear France. Nor was he long in getting back to it. His restless parents settled at Blois, where the three children gave themselves up to all sorts of wildness. We hear even at this early stage of premature love-affairs, reading in Paul de Kock, and the discovery by the boys of fresh vices while their father occupied his time mostly with the chemical researches which offended the nostrils of his kindred. We have a picture of the two boys playing the parts of Anacreon and Ovid, their heads crowned with garlands while they imitated the ancients by drinking wine. An almost inimitable picture is given of the pistol practice of the boys, and of the discovery of the, to them, new joys of opium-eating, "while their father made the house unendurable by the preparation of sulphuretted hydrogen and other highly scented compounds."

France and Italy unfitted the boys for the University life to which they were destined. Edward was placed under a clergyman at Cambridge and Richard was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where the first of his troubles was that, having grown a splendid moustache, he declined to be shaved until the authorities of the college took the matter up. He spent his first months at the University not in study but "in rowing, fencing, shooting the college rooks, and breaking the rules generally." What the two young men, as they were now, thought of University life in England may be judged by the following description of a conversation between them:

If Richard was miserable at Oxford, Edward was equally so at Cambridge. After the polish and politeness of Italy, where they had been "such tremendous dandies and ladies' men," the "boorishness and shoppiness" of Oxford and Cambridge were well-nigh unendurable. Seizing an early opportunity, Richard ran over to Cambridge to visit his brother. "What is the matter, Edward," inquired Richard. "Why so downcast?" "Oh, Dick," moaned Edward, "I have fallen among *epiciers*."

The nature of Burton's college life might have been foreseen. He broke the rules in order to attend race meetings, and, when had up before the dons, instead of listening to their wholesome lectures, lectured them himself, with the result that he was expelled.

On his arrival in London, Burton, in order to have an hour or two of peace, coolly told his people that he had been given an extra vacation, "as a reward for winning a double first." Then occurred a quite unlooked-for sequel. His father insisted on giving a dinner in honour of the success, and Burton, unwillingly enough, became the hero of the moment. At table, however, a remark from one of the guests revealed the precise truth—with the result of an unpleasant scene; but eventually it was deemed advisable to let Burton have his own way and exchange the surplice for the sword.

A commission was purchased for him in the Indian service, and finding himself ensign to the 18th Regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, "he applied himself vigorously to Hindustani under a dirty, smoky, Scotch linguist, named Duncan Forbes." Following the example of officers of the time, who formed irregular unions with the Hindoo women, he had his Bubu, but we think Mr. Wright is quite justified in his note upon this.

Still, he was no voluptuary. Towering ambition, enthusiasm, and passion for hard work trampled down all meaner instincts. Languages, not amours, were his aspiration, and his mind ran on grammar books rather than ghazels; though he confesses to having given whole days and nights to the tender pages of Euclid. Indeed, he was of a cold nature, and Plutarch's remark about Alexander applies equally to him: "For though otherwise he was very hot and hasty, yet was he hardly moved with lust or pleasure of the body."

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that many of those whose studies have, as it were by instinct, led to the setting forth of licence, have been of this cold and unimpassioned nature. During all this period it will be understood that Burton was exercising his extraordinary faculty for acquiring languages. He had begun to do so at Oxford, and, whatever else he was engaged in, he seems to have been ever acquiring new languages or perfecting his knowledge of those he had already attacked. In 1847 his mind was full of Camoens, in whose career he found a parallel to his

own. We pass on to the year 1850, much of which was spent at Leamington and Dover. In the next year he crossed over to Boulogne where he prepared several books for publication.

Love of a sort mingled with literature, for he continued various flirtations, but without any thought of marriage; for he was still only a lieutenant in the service of John Company, and his prospects were not rosy. We said "love of a sort," and advisedly, for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Burton was ever frenziedly in love with any woman. He was, to use his own expression, no "hot amorist." Of his views on polygamy, to which he had distinct leanings, we shall speak later. He said he required two, and only two qualities in a woman, namely beauty and affection. It was the Eastern idea. The Hindu Angelina might be vacuous, vain, papilionaceous, silly, or even a mere doll, but if her hair hung down "like the tail of a Tartary cow," if her eyes were "like the stones of unripe mangoes," and her nose resembled the beak of a parrot, the Hindu Edwin was more than satisfied.

One of his great ambitions was to visit Mecca; and this he was able to gratify in 1853. In order to reach his goal he disguised himself as a "muscular and powerful Mirza Abdullah, of Bushire." This is an important part of his biography but, as Mr. Wright says, his whole life was a preparation for the Arabian Nights. It is a fascinating chapter in his career, but we are obliged to hasten over it to 1856, when his spirit of adventure carried him to the Crimea. He resigned after the suspension of General Beatson and came back to England just in time to miss his brother Edward, whose fate was so pathetic that we cannot refrain from quoting the account of it:

During an elephant hunt a number of natives set upon him and beat him brutally about the head. Brain trouble ensued, and he returned home, but henceforth, though he attained a green old age, he lived a life of utter silence. Except on one solitary occasion he never after—and that is to say for forty years—uttered a single word. Always resembling a Greek statue, there was now added to him the characteristic of all statues, rigid and solemn silence. From a man he had become aching marble.

Burton, having been foiled in his ambitions to become a great soldier, turned his thoughts once more to exploration and quitted England for Bombay on his way to Africa in October 1856. We may sum up his African travels in the words of his biographer:

Although Fortune cheated Burton of having been the actual discoverer of the Source of the Nile, it must never be forgotten that all the credit of having inaugurated the expedition to Central Africa and of leading it are his. Tanganyika—in the words of a recent writer—"is in a very true sense the heart of Africa." If some day a powerful state spring up on its shores, Burton will to all time be honoured as its indomitable Columbus.

The next place in which we hear of him is at Salt Lake City, where he was introduced to Brigham Young and would have become a Mormon; but the high priest replied: "I think you've done that sort of thing once before, Captain." He believed in the theory of polygamy and said:

"Servants are rare and costly; it is cheaper and more comfortable to marry them. Many converts are attracted by the prospect of becoming wives, especially from places like Clifton, near Bristol, where there are 64 females to 36 males. The old maid is, as she ought to be, an unknown entity."

He himself received at least one proposal of marriage, and the lady, being refused, spread the rumour that it was the other way about, to which Burton returned: "Why, it's like

A certain Miss Baxter,  
Who refused a man before he'd axed her.

Such in brief outline are the facts relating to the childhood and youth of this remarkable man. He was surely one of the most strenuous and romantic figures of his time, realising in his actual life many of the dreams of those who only in fancy behold the revival of the old romantic times. We see in him the development of a young man unused to discipline of any kind, either that which comes from the buffetings of fortune or that deeper kind which some natures inflict upon themselves.

The remainder of his career will be dealt with in a second article.



## THE MAKING OF EGYPT

*The Making of Modern Egypt.* By Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E. (Seeley, 18s. net.)

*New Egypt.* By A. B. de GUERVILLE. (Heinemann, 16s. net.)

SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN'S book on Egypt is a valuable contribution to modern history. Well written, lucid and temperate, it sets before us the events of the last five and twenty years without prejudice and without favour. Nor is it the work of a mere student. Sir Auckland has played his part in the affairs which he chronicles, and he writes as an eye-witness, who has a first-hand knowledge of modern Egypt. And what a story it is! Not even Herodotus can match for wonder the tales which Sir Auckland Colvin has to tell. And there is a variety in the narrative, which should make it acceptable to the "general reader." The idle dreams of Gordon afford a strong contrast to the firm purpose of Lord Cromer, and there on the stage of Egypt are men of many nations, and many purposes, dominated one and all by the Englishman, who has devoted his life not to the pursuit of selfish policies, but to the regeneration of an alien race.

Indeed, it is the imperturbability of Lord Cromer, which dominates Sir Auckland's history. Disasters have disturbed the happiness of Egypt; the desert has taken its toll of her armies; statesmen have discussed her affairs with a sanguine interest; more than once it has been resolved to hand back Egypt to the Turks, or to renew a dual control, or to leave the country to its fate. And through it all Lord Cromer has kept upon his course with a single-minded purpose. He has heeded not the voice of the politician. When, for instance, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was entrusted with the delicate mission of arranging the withdrawal of the English from Egypt, Lord Cromer continued his work of pacification and economy, as though he knew perfectly well that he would outlast the envoys of many governments. Nor does Sir Auckland put the case for Lord Cromer one bit too strongly in the following passage, which is worth quoting in full, as it strikes the note of the whole book:

The central figure throughout the period has been the British Minister and Agent. Cabinets in Paris and Cairo have come and gone; diplomatists have fretted their hour on the stage, and have faded into obscurity. Able and devoted subordinates have in turn assisted the British Agent; and, their term accomplished, have passed on to other labours. Lord Cromer alone has remained throughout; in him during more than twenty years, the life of Egypt has centred, and from him all energy has radiated.

In other words modern Egypt is essentially the work of Lord Cromer, whose achievement is the more admirable, because it has survived the machinations of politics and the timid infamy of public opinion. The British Agent, in fact, has done what he thought right, not what he hoped would be acceptable to the ignorant voter. It has been his good fortune not to conciliate a sentimental democracy. For a quarter of a century he has played the part of a benevolent despot to so fine a purpose that Egypt, which he found burdened with debt, is now rich and prosperous. The works which have been carried out under his auspices—such as the Assouan dam and the reservoir—are the realisation of projects many centuries old, and will confer a glory upon our age, when all the disputes of governments are forgotten. And that is why it is a pleasure to read Sir Auckland Colvin's book, which gives us an account not of views held and combated, but of wise deeds wisely accomplished.

But before Lord Cromer could set himself to the task of regenerating Egypt, there were many difficulties which he had to face. He had not long been appointed to his office, when it was determined to withdraw from the Soudan. The task was dangerous and delicate and unfortunately it was entrusted by the English Government to General Gordon, an intrepid officer, who was unfit by temperament to carry out the instructions of others. Yet at the moment the appointment seemed wise enough, and Gordon was asked

to do no more than "to arrange for the evacuation of the Soudan, and the safe removal of the Egyptian employés and troops." But no sooner did he arrive in Egypt than he changed his views and revised his policy. He determined that the Soudan must be not evacuated but pacified, and he asked that Zebehr Pasha should aid him in the enterprise. So confident was he of ultimate success that he sent Colonel de Coetlogon, who had been left in charge of the dépôt at Khartum, back to Cairo, "because," as he said, "there was not the least chance of any danger being incurred in Khartum, which he considered as safe as Cairo. . . . He might rest assured that he left a place which was as safe as Kensington Park." The result is familiar. The English Government objected to the appointment of Zebehr, in spite of Lord Cromer's advocacy, on the ground that British public opinion would not admit the employment of a slave-dealer, and General Gordon was left alone to die. He was quite conscious of his own impracticability.

"I own to having been very insubordinate to Her Majesty's Government and its officials," thus he wrote in his journal. "But it is my nature, and I cannot help it. I know, if I was chief, I would never employ myself, for I am incorrigible."

And Sir Auckland Colvin accepts Gordon's own estimate of himself.

Directly guided, as he believed himself to be, by the finger of an ever-present Providence, his impulsive and emotional nature was beyond human control or comprehension. Years of solitary communings in the African deserts, long days and nights of exhaustion and fatigue, fevers, privations, wrestlings in prayer and spiritual strivings, had worked their inevitable effect on the texture, both of mind and body.

In other words, from one cause or another, Gordon was an idealist, for whom facts were immaterial. To such a man the desert meant death, and Gordon faced the inevitable, like the hero that he was. If he could not oppose the forces of the Mahdi, at least he could prove that death was no more terrible to a Christian than to the followers of the Prophet. Above all, he added to the history of Egypt a chapter of self-sacrifice and romance which will always heighten the effect of a practical, successful administration. For while Gordon was fighting a hopeless battle in the Soudan, the work of Egypt still went on. Under Sir Edgar Vincent's skilful management, the load of debt was removed from Egypt's back, taxes were abolished, and the corvée and kurbash were no longer employed. For this relief Egypt owes the Government of Great Britain a heavy debt of gratitude, and the result was not achieved without much self-abnegation. In 1887—to give one single instance—economies were being made in the Egyptian army, and to facilitate this policy, Colonel Kitchener, Colonel Hallam Parr, and other officers were willing to give up part or all of their command pay. In brief, as we read Sir Auckland Colvin's book, we understand the reason of the supremacy which England most unselfishly still holds in Egypt and her colonies, and we can imagine no better handbook of practical statesmanship than Sir Auckland Colvin's "Making of Modern Egypt."

Between Sir Auckland's serious history and M. de Guerville's amiable gossip there is the difference of two temperaments and two nations. M. de Guerville is gay, happy, and irresponsible. He regards Egypt as a sort of annex to the Boulevards and he enjoyed himself in Cairo after his own fashion—and with all his heart. If scandal is more amusing to his mind than politics, we do not blame him, for the scandal adds colour and merri-ment to his narrative. Nor should it be forgotten that his observation is as honest as it is quick. He has paid incidentally a high tribute to the success of Lord Cromer's rule, and the tribute, coming from a Frenchman, who expected to find in Egypt another grievance against the perfidious Albion, has the shining merit of a disinterested sincerity.

## MR. LANG ON SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott. By ANDREW LANG. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

It would indeed be a superfluous task to trace once more the pathetic and noble career of Scott as it is set before us by Mr. Andrew Lang. The latest biographer has qualifications such as few others can boast for the task he has taken in hand. He is himself a native of that Border country which Scott immortalised; in many a rhyme and many a fine piece of prose he has told us of the power it possesses alike for his heart and his intellect, and there are few of the present day who have lingered so lovingly and so carefully over the facts of Scott's life and assimilated the novels as Mr. Andrew Lang has done. He modestly proclaims at the outset that he has only tried to compress "as much as I may of the essence of Lockhart's great book into small space, with a few additions from other sources." In spite of that we venture to think that Scott's admirers will find much that is new and more that is freshly put in this biography, which is permeated by a sympathy and understanding of which praise would be an impertinence. There is only one aspect of the book to which we would draw attention, and that in the way of homologating rather than criticising what is said. In a noteworthy passage Mr. Andrew Lang shows that the present taste for imaginative literature is almost entirely due to Scott:

It was Scott, the greatest of readers, who inaugurated the reign of novel-reading, and very much chagrined he would be could he see the actual results: the absolute horror with which mankind shun every other study. It could never have occurred to Scott, that, within less than a hundred years, male and female novelists, often as ignorant of books as of life, would monopolize the general attention, and would give themselves out as authorities on politics, philosophy, ethics, society, theology, religion, and Homeric criticism. Scott's own tales never usurped the office of the pulpit, the platform, or the Press; and, if he did teach some readers all the history that they knew, he constantly warned them that, in his romances, he was an historian with a very large poetical licence.

Perhaps the conclusion ought to be to a certain extent modified. Before the day of Scott, Burns, the most acute observer of manners of his time, had put it on record that the Mauchline belles were addicted to their nouvelles, and at least the feminine part of the community from the time of Richardson downwards had always a large supply of more or less sentimental tales with which to satisfy their appetite for literature. But the enormous assimilative power of the public of to-day is partly due to the badness of contemporary criticism, a badness which Mr. Lang touches off with a wit that closely approximates to bitterness:

In an age when an acquaintance with Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát* of Omar Kháyyám, an exhaustive ignorance of all literature of the past, and an especial contempt for Scott, whom Fitzgerald so intensely admired, are the equipment of many critics, we must be very cautious in praising the *Waverley* novels. They are not the work of a passionate, a squalid, or a totally uneducated genius. They are not the work of any Peeping Tom who studies woman in her dressing-room, and tries to spy or smell out the secrets of the eternally feminine. We have novels to-day—novels by males—full of clever spyings and dissections of womankind, which Scott would have thrown into the fire.

He is not by any means blind to the faults of his hero, and, indeed, places an unrelenting finger upon them in the following passage:

Far from being a conscientious stylist, Scott not infrequently proves the truth of his own remark to Lockhart, that he never learned grammar. I have found five "whiches" in a sentence of his, and five "ques" in a sentence by Alexandre Dumas, his pupil and rival. Dumas had more of the humour of Scott than Scott had of the wit of Dumas. Many parts of his tales are prolix: his openings, as a rule, are dull. His heroes and heroines often speak in the stilted manner of Miss Burney's Lord Orville, a manner (if we may trust memoirs and books like Boswell's *Johnson*, and Walpole's *Letters*), in which no men and women of mould ever did talk, even in the eighteenth century. But Catherine Glover, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, usually speaks from stilts.

Those, therefore, who dismiss Sir Walter on account of criticism of this kind are voluntarily getting rid of some of the finest literature in our language, and the way to

convince them of that is to take up any of their own idols. Here blemishes may be pointed out to which the faults of Scott are light by comparison, and they possess none of those magnificent qualities which in his case atone for so much. The humour at once so genial and yet so free from exaggeration and caricature, the sense of pathos that was all the more acute because it was restrained and even touched off with a laugh, the energetic conduct of the story when it was in full swing, all these are qualities which have been unequalled since Scott's time. Mr. Lang is justly angry with the harsh judgment of Carlyle, and we may conclude this brief notice with the following eloquent vindication:

Scott "fashions his characters from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them." Never near the broken stoical heart of Saunders Mucklebackit; of the fallen Bradwardine, happy in unsullied honour; never near the heart of the maddened Peter Peebles; never near the flawless Christian heart of Bessie M'Clure; or the heart of dauntless remorse of Nancy Ewart; or the heart of sacrificed love in Diana Vernon; or the stout heart of Dalgetty in the dungeon of Inveraray; or the secret soul of Mary Stuart, revealed when she is reminded of Bastian's bridal mask, and the deed of Kirk o' Field? *Quid plura*, Thomas Carlyle wrote splenetic nonsense: "he was very capable of having it happen to him."

## THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

*The Dramatic Writings of John Heywood. The Dramatic Writings of Richard Wever and Thomas Ingelend. Anonymous Plays*: 2 vols. The Early English Drama Society.

THE four volumes edited by Mr. John S. Farmer sent to us by the Early English Drama Society are neatly printed and of a convenient size, and, although their white backs are likely soon to soil, their present appearance is very attractive. From a prospectus which accompanies them we learn that "the Early English Drama Society was founded early in 1905," the first of its "general objects" being "to provide a corpus of Early English Dramatic Literature." In the prospectus, which is marked "proof" there is a blank left for the office of Honorary President, while as Hon. Vice-Presidents we have the names of four well-known and justly respected English scholars, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Sidney Lee, with two excellent American colleagues, Professors J. W. Bright and F. Ives Carpenter. It would be difficult to find six Vice-Presidents whose names would command more respect, but we are a little troubled by the abbreviation for "Honorary" prefixed to their title. It is not usual for the Vice-Presidents of a learned society to be paid, and we are reduced to wondering whether the adjective may not perhaps have been used as a synonym for Irresponsible.

The Society's editor, as aforesaid, is Mr. John S. Farmer: its secretary, Mr. W. W. Gibbings, we understand to be a publisher. In contradistinction to the Vice-Presidents, neither of these offices is marked as Honorary, but though we note the fact we hasten to add that we have not the smallest objection to editors and secretaries of learned societies being paid for their services, but on the contrary think that it is often advantageous, even in the case of not very rich societies, that all work should be adequately remunerated. From a subsequent page of the prospectus we learn that the Society started with the very respectable number of eighty-five subscribers, who have put down their names in all for one hundred and thirty-five ordinary copies and eighteen on Large Paper, the total number which it is proposed to print being two hundred and fifty of the former and sixty of the latter. This seems an excellent start, but it is distinctly surprising to find that of the eighty-five subscribers, only eleven are private book-lovers, all the rest being booksellers or institutions. The questions which we feel bound to ask, and to which we hope that at least one of the Hon. Vice-Presidents will provide an answer, are: Is this "Early English Drama Society" in the ordinary sense of the word a Society at all? Has it ever held a meeting? Has it elected its officers? Does it intend to publish a balance-sheet? Or is it an association



of an enterprising editor and an enterprising publisher, to which six distinguished scholars have been led by their enthusiasm for the subject into lending their names? If it is such an association as this, or anything only slightly removed from it, then we venture to think that a very grave mistake has been made. We have only to recall what has been accomplished by the Early English Text Society, the English Dialect Society, the Chaucer Society, the Henry Bradshaw Society and many other similar bodies to realise how dependent learned literature is in England on society-work; and any association which confuses the public idea of this work, or takes away the little prestige which attaches to it, should be strenuously opposed on principle until it puts itself right by conforming to the ordinary procedure of good societies. No doubt the procedure even of good societies varies, and often the whole management drifts into the hands of two or three people. But that without any initial public meeting, or at least any that was fully advertised, an editor and a publisher should draw up a prospectus of a series of books, and dignify the booksellers and the few stray students who subscribe to it by the name of a Society, and that six distinguished scholars should countenance them in so doing—this surely is of very bad omen for English literature.

We pass on from the constitution of the Early English Drama Society to its programme. There is first of all the Early English Dramatists Series, divided into sets of twelve volumes at a subscription price of five pounds (or twenty pounds on large paper); then there is the Facsimile Series, which, though a section of the Drama Society, is to embrace "rare books and manuscripts in all departments of literature." These are to be supplied at twenty-five shillings net for a quarto volume, and double the price for a folio, a certain number of sets each year being "bound in real vellum with kid leather ties" (fancy an Early English Text Society book in such a garb!) for subscribers willing to pay ten guineas for such luxuries. Last there are the "Museum Dramatists" (what Museum?) "reprints of notable plays, each volume complete in itself, with introduction, glossary and facsimile title-pages, price per volume, one shilling and sixpence boards net, two shillings cloth." From the names of the plays in this last series we gather that an economy may perhaps be effected by printing texts from the plates of the Early English Dramatists Series.

We have noted in a manner unusual in a review some of the financial aspects of the Early English Drama Society's prospectus, because they seem to us, by their strong resemblance to an ordinary publisher's announcement, to explain the difficulty which we find in recognising this as really a society at all. We gladly acknowledge, however, that any society which presented its subscribers with twelve such neat little volumes as those we have before us in exchange for five pounds, if the contents of the volumes were satisfactory, would be giving a very fair return for the subscription. But we cannot imagine that any competent scholar will be found to affirm that the condition as to the contents is here complied with. At the outset a wrong start is made by the spelling being modernised. Now we are used to reading Shakespeare in modernised editions, and it may perhaps be thought that what is good enough for Shakespeare must be good enough for his humble predecessors. The reason that this is not so is that many of the plays here printed are from fifty to eighty years earlier than the earliest of Shakespeare's. Amid the metrical anarchy which, owing to changes of pronunciation, prevailed at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is difficult to say what semblance of metre it is reasonable to expect in the older plays here printed. But it is quite certain that in numerous lines that semblance is very much disguised and obliterated when words like "kynnesman" and "mennes" are printed as "kinsman" and "men's," and it is no less certain that while "sotyle" is a passable sixteenth-century rhyme to "beguile," even the intention to rhyme is concealed by turning "sotyle" into "subtle."

Perhaps it may be said that the literary craftsmanship of these early plays is so faulty and rough, that no great harm is done if their defects are here and there exaggerated, so long as the general effect is preserved. We blush at the thought of putting such a plea into the mouth of any of the distinguished Hon. Vice-Presidents, but, even if the plea were admitted, it would not cover the faults of this edition. We know only one way of criticising such a book fairly, and that is by taking twenty consecutive pages of it and giving an honest account of the merits and demerits found within that space. When this is done, there can be no artifice such as that by which a spiteful reviewer hunts down every fault he can find, and quotes the total as a mere specimen of what he could adduce if he chose. Every sensible reader knows that faults are to be expected in every book, and if he knows within what area certain specified faults are found he can judge for himself as to what degree of care has been taken. For our twenty pages we have chosen the first twenty of *Hickscorner*: of this play a copy of the Wynkyn de Worde edition, from which Mr. Farmer gives a facsimile (apparently at second-hand), can be consulted at the British Museum. Here are our results.

Mr. Farmer starts badly by turning "bought" in the first line into "brought"; on his second page, we have "am I" instead of "I am"; on his third, Contemplation is made most inappropriately to walk in "wildness" instead of in "wilderness"; on his fourth, "I thank you" is turned into the incorrect "I thank ye"; on his sixth, the "she" whom Freewill beshrews for having, *when they lay together*, substituted a stone for a coin, has her name changed from the feminine "Jone" to the masculine "John"; on his eighth, the line "if they will me money tell" (i.e., if they will pay me money) is printed as "if they will be money tell"; on his tenth, "scused" is turned into "excused," spoiling the metre, "you" into "ye," spoiling a rhyme with "now," and the exclamation "How, how," into the quite different form "How now!" Starting for our second decade of pages, we find that on the eleventh page we have "he is a ship" for "he is in a ship"; and "Poyle," the old form of Apulia is humorously printed as "Pugle"; on page 13 "sotylte" is printed as "jollity"; on page 14 we find "right" instead of "aright" on page 15 an oath "by hym that was never born" is printed as "by Jis," obviously through a misunderstanding of the 3-like contraction used for m; also after a struggle "Imagination" is made to utter an unsportsmanlike threat to "bite" Freewill, where the original word is no worse than "bete." On page 16 in the form "pope-holy" (a hypocrite) by a whimsical obedience to Henry VIII's proclamation the word "pope" has been partly erased in the old edition, and Mr. Farmer prints it as "pure"! On the next four pages the divergences from the original are either trivial or susceptible of defence, save that (as we have noted) "sotyle" when it rhymes with "beguile" is spelt "subtle."

With the exception of a hyphen in one place instead of a comma the punctuation throughout our twenty pages is distinctly good, and the explanations of words in the Notes both to this and to the other volumes seem to us to deserve the same praise. But we think that the mistakes we have enumerated as occurring in these twenty pages are too many and too serious for the editor to escape censure. Whether the Hon. Vice-Presidents will consider these editorial shortcomings excused by the fact that each and all of the blunders we have named may be found also in Mr. Hazlitt's text of *Hickscorner* in the first volume of his reprint of Dodsley's "Old English Plays," printed in 1874, we do not profess to know. But if the Editor of the Early English Drama Society is reduced to acknowledging that, having taken over a thirty-year old text from Mr. Hazlitt, he grudged the three hours work necessary to collate it with the copy available in the British Museum, our own view of the ill-effect which this particular "society" is likely to exercise on English society-work as a whole will be considerably intensified.

## YONE NOGUCHI

*The Summer Cloud.* By YONE NOGUCHI. (Tokio: The Shunyodo.)

YONE NOGUCHI is a young Japanese who went to America and wrote books, and worked on an extraordinary Japanese paper, lived for a time with the once famous Joaquin Miller and wrote more, and, in the autumn of 1902, came to England. Here he stayed in the south of London with Mr. Yoshio Markino, whose water-colours have won the attention of some of our finest critics and artists. The two Japanese lived for some months together, and during that time Mr. Noguchi published, from a boarding-house in the Brixton Road, a brown-paper leaflet of his verse that brought him compliments from many English men of letters, and made possible the publication of a larger volume, that included the first and many additional poems under the same title—"From the Eastern Sea." From England Mr. Noguchi returned to America, and thence to take an honoured position in Japan. Both the volumes called "From the Eastern Sea" are before us, and also a third book, "The Summer Cloud," newly come from Tokio. In all three Mr. Noguchi writes in English, in an English that is the language of his thought, and not an ill-fitting cloak of translation from the Japanese.

The poems that fill the books published in England are written in a loose metre that is a balancing of ideas rather than of rhymes or syllables. The author was not satisfied with the result, feeling that rhyme would be an improvement. But, as we remember hearing him say, to rhyme one needs to know so much of a language. It did not strike us at the time how much he already knew. It is really marvellous that an Oriental, with a tongue as far removed from our own as Greek, should be able to express in our language sentiment as fragile, as delicate as that which these words on "The Poet" hold in a gossamer net:

Out of the deep and the dark,  
A sparkling mystery, a shape  
Something perfect,  
Comes like the stir of day:  
One whose breath is an odour,  
Whose eyes show the way road to stars,  
The breeze in his face,  
The glory of Heaven on his back.  
He steps like a vision hung in air,  
Diffusing the passion of Eternity;  
His abode is the sunlight of morn,  
The music of eve his speech:  
In his sight,  
One shall turn from the dust of the grave,  
And move upward to the woodland.

It was naturally an easy transition from this form to that of prose. Indeed, if we write out the little poem we have just quoted, ignoring the line-divisions, we make a prose poem that loses none of the beauty of the original, and gains by no longer attempting too difficult a task. There were several who, when the poems appeared, suggested that prose, however poetical, cut into lines, lost by division.

It is no surprise, therefore, to find that in his new book Mr. Noguchi abandons the printed form of verse, no longer cuts his pieces into lines, and labels them simply "prose poems." Here is one of them:

Little Fairy, little fairy by a hearth, fligh in thine eyes, hush on thy feet, shall I go up with thee to Heaven by the road of the fire-flame?

Little Fairy, little fairy by a river, dance in thy heart, longing at thy lips, shall I go down with thee to "Far-Away" rolling over the singing bubbles?

Little Fairy, little fairy by a poppy, dream in thy hair, solitude under thy wings, shall I sleep with thee to-night in the golden cup under the stars?

They are all like that; very slight, very delicate, like the *hokku* of prose. Japanese *hokku* are very tiny poems suggesting a single beautiful thing. They are only seventeen syllables long, and fill that small space with poetical feeling, so that one of them is sufficient to colour a mood, and it is sacrilege to read two close together.

The diction of these prose poems is quaintly simple and direct, and its dainty, ethereal effects are perhaps only possible to Mr. Noguchi because, not being an Englishman, he has the courage to use our words as if they were coloured scraps of mosaic fresh put into his hand. Knowing enough of our tongue to use words in their own meanings, he is not so accustomed to it as to be able to use them only with the associations that others have made usual for them. The result is alive with surprise and charm, and supplies the best argument we know for writing in a language other than our own, or other than that of ordinary conversation. For, when we do so, every word is a new thing to us, a fresh clear note of music, a note of colour personal to itself.

## THE AGE OF THE SALON

*Madame Geoffrin: her Salon and her Times.* By JANE ALDIS. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

THE abbreviation of Mademoiselle as "Mdle." is always a suspicious circumstance inviting a further inquiry. That inquiry, in the case of Miss Aldis's book, has brought to light quite a number of irregularities in the use of the French language: "en second nocces" for "en secondes nocces"; "valets de chambres" for "valets de chambre"; "langue mauvaise" for "mauvaise langue"; "amoureux" for "amoureux"; "nervreuse" for "nerveuse"; "la royaume" for "le royaume"; "blonde et blanc" for "blonde et blanche"; "fermiers-général" for "fermiers-généraux"; "harengs fraises" for "harengs frais"; "au dessus la porte" for "au dessus de la porte"; "devoté" for "dévotés," etc. In some cases the responsibility may rest upon the printer, but he cannot be expected to bear the whole of the burden. The book, however, is by no means so bad as this list of "corrigenda" might seem to indicate. No doubt the author has a working knowledge, though not an exact knowledge, of French. She writes brightly, though not brilliantly; she has an interesting subject; she digresses agreeably even when she digresses into error. An example of such error may be found in the section on Madame Necker: "She had already been the queen of a small literary society which, years before, she and her young companions had formed while she was at home with her father, who was a pastor at Lausanne." M. Curchod's pastorate was not at Lausanne, but at Crassier, far away in the country, at the foot of the Jura. The only society which his daughter there enjoyed was that of the ministers who came to preach for him. The society to which Miss Aldis refers is evidently the Société du Printemps, or the Académie des Eaux—a debating club given to the discussion of such problems as "Does an element of mystery make love more agreeable?" or "Can there be friendship between a man and a woman in the same sense as between two women and two men?" Miss Aldis might have read of it, and so got her facts right, in Gibbon's "Autobiography," or in M. d'Haussonville's "Le salon de Madame Necker."

The mistakes, however, are mainly in excursions of this kind. The central story is well enough told, though in rather a rambling manner. Books about the French salons of the eighteenth century can always be made entertaining, though the best stories are apt to reappear in one of them after another. Madame Geoffrin, however, has one of the best stories all to herself. One of her guests had been absent on a journey, and came to see her on his return. "What," he asked, "has become of the old gentleman who always sat at the end of the table, and who never spoke?" "I know whom you mean," replied Madame Geoffrin. "It was my husband. He is dead." That is the first story which Miss Aldis tells, and it is eloquent of the spirit of the times, when all the marriages were "de convenance," but married women of wit and tact nevertheless wielded a sway which made them indifferent to the legal recognition of their equality with



man. This conjugal aloofness, indeed, was typical of the salons of Paris, until Madame Necker, with a husband who was no nonentity, set the French capital the example of a public display of a homely Swiss affection; but there were other respects in which Madame Geoffrin, to her credit, was not so typical. She was much more human and generous than, say, Madame Du Deffand, having a veritable passion for discovering necessities and relieving them; and, in a lax age, she maintained a high moral tone. There is even a story of a fashionable abbé who was denied admission to her house because of the impropriety of his conversation. With such exceptions, however, she knew everybody: encyclopædists like Diderot and d'Alembert; painters like Boucher and Vernet; "salonières" like Mademoiselle Lespinasse; distinguished strangers like Horace Walpole and David Hume. In some ways her salon is historically less interesting than those of Madame Necker and Madame de Staël. It had not the same bearing upon politics, nor did the old and the new ideas clash in it to the same extent. But it was a good frame in which to set a picture of eighteenth-century manners; and the picture which Miss Aldis has set in it is lively and diversified. If we began by finding fault, we must certainly end by praising.

## COLERIDGE AND THE WEDGWOOD PENSION

### I

THE main facts relating to the Wedgwood Pension are familiar and plain enough. That in December 1797, there came to Coleridge from the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—sons of Josiah Wedgwood the potter, of Etruria Hall, Staffordshire—an unconditional offer of a life-annuity of £150: this for example is, and, as a rare instance of disinterested munificence, well deserves to be, given a prominent place in every biography of the poet; but the circumstance is neither in any respect obscure, nor—at any rate as regards the younger brother—unparalleled. One incident in the later history of the pension, however, has puzzled many of the biographers. How came Josiah Wedgwood, in the autumn of 1812, to revoke his half of the £150? What led him to break an engagement into which he had entered voluntarily, and by which he was bound in honour, if not in law? On this question the Wedgwood family papers are silent. A story goes that, when one of his sons, long afterwards, inquired why the £75 had been cut off, Josiah answered: "I had ample reason for what I did," and refused to say more. This tells us merely that Josiah wished to avoid the subject—whether for Coleridge's sake, or for his own, does not appear. Coleridge, on his side, is equally reticent. "Mr. Josiah's half of the annuity has been withdrawn," he writes to Wordsworth on December 7, 1812; adding simply, "My reply, of course, breathed nothing but gratitude for the past"—words which seem to imply that, had delicacy permitted, Coleridge might with good cause have remonstrated with Wedgwood. Dykes Campbell ("Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative," etc., 1894, p. 192) does not hesitate to stigmatise the withdrawal as "a highhanded proceeding," and suggests that "Coleridge, though he must have been aware of this, made no complaint, owing to the painful consciousness that the benefaction had not been used for the high purposes which had led both to the granting and to the acceptance of it." But in other quarters the action has been viewed in a light prejudicial, not to the doer, but to the sufferer. Would Wedgwood, it is asked, have resorted to a course so harsh—so arbitrary, if you will; and would Coleridge have silently acquiesced; if there had not been, on the patron's side, a shocking discovery and, on the poet's, a guilty consciousness of some positive offence? Josiah Wedgwood was a strictly upright character—*vir justus et tenax propositi*; such a man, it is urged, simply could not recall

his plighted word, had not some startling enormity on Coleridge's part at once cancelled all obligations, and called imperatively for a drastic measure of retribution. On the other hand, Coleridge himself—the procrastinator—the opium-eater—was, it is argued, *capable de tout*. Such is the view of the matter suggested in the late Mr. R. B. Litchfield's "Life of Tom Wedgwood, the First Photographer," which appeared about two years ago. "What Josiah's words ['I had ample reason,' etc.] meant," he writes, "will be for ever a secret. He probably knew much that we shall never know. *With such a man as Coleridge, and a man in such a state, no imaginable possibility would be unbelievable.*" It is true that, after the scandalous insinuation here italicised, Mr. Litchfield continues: "I should not myself read Josiah's words as implying any specific misdoing on Coleridge's part." But, while thus apparently discouraging the spirit of prejudiced speculation which but a moment before he had raised in his readers, Mr. Litchfield explains Josiah's action in a manner detrimental to Coleridge only. He maintains that the annuity was cut off in order to deprive Coleridge of all excuse for indolence, and to rouse him from the state of apathy to which opium and (according to Southey) a "frightful consumption of spirits" had reduced him. Moreover, in his ignorance of the original documents bearing on the case, he stoutly insists that Josiah Wedgwood was entirely within his rights in reconsidering the matter and withdrawing the grant which he had volunteered in 1797. To regard the brothers' proposal as an offer to endow Coleridge irrevocably with £150 for life is, according to him, to put a false construction on the language employed by them. (What this language was, we shall presently see.) As to the charge of highhandedness, he is shocked that Mrs. Litchfield's grandfather should be subjected to so disrespectful an imputation. The bare suggestion is a sacrilege—an act of *désè majesté* against His Highness "Josiah the Second," as in her simplicity the good Eliza Meteyard pompously designates the son and namesake of the famous potter. "Mr. Dykes Campbell's treatment of this incident," writes Mr. Litchfield, more in sorrow than in anger, "seems to me—I write it with regret, remembering what we owe to him—rather lacking in the care and judgment which are generally so conspicuous in his work." Now to the present writer, on the other hand, it seems that here, as in general elsewhere, Dykes Campbell is, so far as he goes, absolutely in the right—that, in point of fact, it is Mr. Litchfield's "treatment of this incident," and not Dykes Campbell's, that is conspicuously "lacking in care and judgment"—and, it must be added, in good taste and proper feeling as well. The grounds of this opinion shall now be laid before the reader: first, however, it will be necessary briefly to resume the circumstances under which the annuity was offered and accepted.

Towards the autumn of 1797 Coleridge had begun to realise the necessity of earning a regular income by regular work. Journalism and tillage, poetry, politics, and paying guests, had each been tried in turn; and all had failed. The young man had given hostages to fortune in the persons of wife and child; and now again his Sara, as with grim pleasantry he informs Thelwall, is "in the way of repairing, so far as in her lies, the ravages of the war." For the present they were domiciled in a small roadside house at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, where under Poole's fostering eye they were subsisting partly on Coleridge's scanty literary earnings, partly on the contributions (amounting to some £40 a year) of a few of his admirers. Charles Lloyd's domestication—a third source of supply—had been interrupted by his illness in the spring, though he still came and went fitfully between Birmingham, London, Bath, and Stowey. Small wonder was it that, despite the encouragement of Poole and the stimulating companionship of the Wordsworths, Coleridge had many moments of anxiety, and some even of despair. He was harassed with a sense of his ignorance, and sighed for leisure and peace of mind that he might enter upon a

course of encyclopædic study. Conscious of great natural powers, he dreaded the prospect of "fagging on in all the nakedness of talent, without the materials of knowledge or systematic information." Two plans offered: either to join Basil Montagu in a scholastic adventure, in which they should act as managing students; or to enter the ranks of the Nonconformist ministry. To the latter course Coleridge had been urged for months past by John Prior Estlin, a Unitarian pastor at Bristol; while the wealthy Wedgwoods, who knew and had befriended Basil Montagu, were understood to favour the project of tuition. At what date they had first met and become interested in Coleridge is uncertain—probably in the winter of 1796-7; but we know that in September 1797, Tom Wedgwood had passed five days (11th-15th) with the Wordsworths at Alfoxden, and that towards the close of the visit (13th) Coleridge had arrived on the scene. Ten weeks after this Coleridge's tragedy, *Osorio*, was rejected by Sheridan, and this crowning disappointment roused the poet to action. During the summer he had preached occasionally to the Unitarians of Taunton and Bridgewater, and now he learned that John Rowe, the pastor of that sect at Shrewsbury, was about to retire. He resolved to become a "hired preacher," and wrote offering to fill Rowe's pulpit for a few Sundays, "to see whether he liked the place, and whether the congregation liked him, and would endure his peculiar opinions." He tells Estlin on December 30, 1797:

I wrote to Montagu, that if indeed he should immediately procure the eight pupils at £100 a year, they boarding and lodging at their own expense (for this was his plan), I would join him gladly. But as I did not perceive the slightest chance of this, unless it were done immediately, I should accept some situation as Dissenting Minister, and that I had no time for delay or wavering.

The letter to Montagu was written early in December. On Christmas Day the post brought Coleridge an important communication from Josiah Wedgwood, who—probably either through Poole or through Montagu—had got word of the poet's position and intentions.

DEAR SIR [it ran], my brother Thomas and myself had separately determined that it would be right to enable you to defer entering into an engagement we understand you are about to form from the most urgent of motives. We therefore request you will accept the enclosed draft with the same simplicity with which it is offered.

A cheque for £100 accompanied the letter. To Coleridge, whose courage meanwhile had been dashed by somewhat chilling news from Shrewsbury, this windfall must have been a powerful lure to inaction; yet so sickened was he of the old, haphazard way of living—so weary of "chasing chance-started friendships"—that he debated with himself for three days before yielding. At length he did accept (December 28), only however to find himself thrown into fresh perplexity by the arrival that same evening of a cordial invitation from the flock at Shrewsbury, accompanied with "a very kind note from Rowe." Finally, after a storm of fluctuations, he returned the draft, with a long and characteristic letter in which, after minutely comparing the evils of the Press and of the Ministry considered simply as *trades*, or sources of regular income, he decides in favour of the Ministry as, on the whole, the less harmful in his own case. A permanent income, he adds, is essential to his peace of mind; "without it I should be a prey to anxiety, and anxiety with me always induces sickness, and too often sloth; as an overdose of stimulus proves a narcotic." He is setting out for Shrewsbury; and there—"if no new argument arise against the Ministerial office, and if the old ones assume no new strength—I shall certainly pitch my tent, and shall probably build up my permanent dwelling." Coleridge writes as one whose mind, after sore perplexity, is made up; the whole letter breathes an air of firm and cheerful resolution.

Perhaps never, before or after, did Coleridge come so near taking the steep yet salutary road to independence. One painful step remained—to turn his back on pleasant Stowey and take his way amongst strangers—and he would be fairly launched on what certainly was an honourable,

and might well prove a congenial career. He was a born preacher; and the mild yoke and discipline of pastorship, with its round of regular duties, might have formed and fostered in him that habit of punctual attention to the day's work, from the lack of which he suffered so disastrously later on. One pastoral gift he possessed in an eminent degree—the power of comforting souls in sorrow. But whatever we may think of his qualifications, or of his chances of success, certain it is, first, that Coleridge had now finally made up his mind to embrace the ministerial calling, and had, so to speak, burnt his boats by returning their draft to the Wedgwoods; and, secondly, that he had received from the Unitarians at Shrewsbury a unanimous invitation to become a candidate for the pulpit vacated by Rowe. Whoever should intervene now, to divert him from his purpose, must needs incur a grave responsibility.

The draft had been returned on Friday, January 5, 1798. In the course of the following week (January 7-13) Coleridge travelled via Bristol to Shrewsbury, where he arrived on Saturday, and preached morning and evening next day (January 14). Meanwhile on receipt of Coleridge's letter enclosing the draft the Wedgwood brothers had written again—this time a joint letter, dated "Penzance, January 10, 1798." As the view we take of Josiah's subsequent action depends entirely on the construction we put on this letter, that part of it which relates to the annuity must now be quoted. The first paragraph is in the writing of Tom Wedgwood, the remainder in that of Josiah:

DEAR SIR,—In the absence of my brother who has an engagement this morning, I take up the pen to reply to your letter received yesterday. I cannot help regretting very sincerely that, at this critical moment, we are separated by so great a length of the worst road in the kingdom. It is not that we have found much difficulty in deciding how to act in the present juncture of your affairs, but we are apprehensive that, deprived of the benefit of conversation, we may fail somewhat in explaining our views and intentions with that clearness and persuasion which should induce you to accede to our proposal without scruple or hesitation—nay, with that glow of pleasure which the accession of merited good fortune, and the observation of virtuous conduct in others, ought powerfully to excite in the breast of healthful sensibility. Writing is painful to me. I must endeavour to be concise, yet to avoid abruptness. My brother and myself are possessed of a considerable superfluity of fortune; squandering and hoarding are equally distant from our inclinations. But we are earnestly desirous to convert this superfluity into a fund of beneficence, and we have now been accustomed for some time, to regard ourselves rather as Trustees than Proprietors. We have canvassed your past life, your present situation and prospects, your character and abilities. As far as certainty is compatible with the delicacy of the estimate, we have no hesitation in declaring that your claim upon the fund appears to come under more of the conditions we have prescribed for its disposal, and to be every way more unobjectionable, than we could possibly have expected. This result is so congenial with our heartfelt wishes, that it will be a real mortification to us, if any misconception or distrust of our intentions, or any unworthy diffidence of yourself, should interfere to prevent its full operation in your favour.

Thus far Tom Wedgwood; Josiah proceeds:

After what my brother Thomas has written, I have only to state the proposal we wish to make to you. It is that you shall accept an annuity for life of £150, to be regularly paid by us, no condition whatsoever being annexed to it. Thus your liberty will remain entire, you will be under the influence of no professional bias, and will be in possession of a "permanent income not inconsistent with your religious and political creed," so necessary to your health and activity.

I do not now enter into the particulars of the mode of securing the annuity, etc.—that will be done when we receive your consent to the proposal we are making; and we shall only say that we mean the annuity to be independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune, an event which we hope is not very likely to happen, though it must in these times be regarded as more than a bare possibility.

I am, very sincerely yours,  
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

This letter reached Stowey on January 13—the very day of Coleridge's arrival at Shrewsbury. It was opened by Poole, who quickly despatched a copy after the poet, and himself wrote on the same sheet urging the acceptance of the proffered annuity. Coleridge meanwhile had, on Tuesday, January 16, walked out from Shrewsbury to pay his official respects to William Hazlitt, the Unitarian pastor of Wem. Here, on the morning of Wednesday, January 17, the fateful letter caught him up. This time



there was little delay. Coleridge returned to Shrewsbury and, after an interview with Rowe, whose advice tallied with Poole's, wrote there and then to accept the Wedgwoods' offer. By the same post he announced his decision to Poole, and, either then or soon after, addressed to Estlin, who strongly opposed his abandonment of the ministry, an *apologia* from the terms of which we may gather his reading of the Wedgwoods' intentions. He informs Estlin that he has been offered

an annuity of £150 for life, no condition whatever being annexed. Nothing can be clearer [he continues] than that I cannot accept the ministerial salary at Shrewsbury [£150] and this at the same time. For as I am morally certain that the Wedgwoods would not have thought it their duty . . . to have offered me £150 yearly, if I had been previously possessed of an £150 regular income, it follows indisputably that I cannot accept the first £150, with the determination to accept the latter £150 immediately after. . . Now then, shall I refuse £150 a year for life, as certain as any fortune can be, for another £150 a year, the attainment of which is not yet certain, and the duration of which is precarious?

To the cause of Christianity and the promotion of the highest interests of mankind he solemnly devotes all his best faculties; but he cannot see any reason why his exertions on their behalf should be thought to depend on his becoming a stipendiary and local minister.

"To this add that the annuity is independent of my health, etc. etc.; the salary dependent not [only] on health, but on twenty caprices of twenty people." These extracts leave no room for doubt that Coleridge regarded the benefaction offered to him as tantamount to an absolute and irrevocable life-endowment.

T. HUTCHINSON.

(To be concluded next week.)

## THE LAND-GRAVE

(Adapted from the Russian of Erick Schwieger)

THE Christmas night that Christ was born  
They say that shepherds piped till morn  
For Jews who danced upon the corn.

In Palestine the tender wheat  
Can bend no more to the Hebrew feet;  
A stranger sits in Moses' seat.

He has gone with a map and a motor-car  
To where he can see the place from far,  
To where the nesting pheasants are.

"Whose are the acres that I see?"  
"Alack, Sir, they belong to me  
In copyhold and simple fee:

"We have held the land for better or worse,  
In spite of an ancient prior's curse  
Which is now fulfilled in my empty purse."

"Of stocks and shares I have no dearth,  
Pleasure was midwife at my birth;  
What I yet lack is God's good earth.

"Though yellow men in mines to-night  
Are bringing yellow gold to light  
And diamonds yellow, bright and white;

"Though Afrikanders understand  
That I can dance on Mine Deep Rand,  
I'd rather dance on English land.

"So let me buy," the rich man said,  
"My doggies' tongues are not more red  
Than the red rays my motors shed.

"Yes, give me tithe and give me toll,  
And God perchance shall heal my soul  
And land shall make my body whole."

Back to London to float a mine,  
To open a useless tramway line,  
Then to the Carlton to rest and dine.

By terraces where peacocks stalk  
He planted groves for gallant talk  
And cool parterres for God to walk;

Where milking girls the kine would call,  
Horses champed silver in the stall;  
The Semite now was lord of all.

From fretted ceiling to parquet floor  
The Titians glowed in the corridor,  
But he looked on the land and wanted more.

He built him barns where the gold mice might  
Nibble the grain in the moon white light;  
But God required his soul one night.

"Thy soul shall be required of thee,"  
God said, "and whose shall these things be?"  
God is a bitter mortgagee.

At the further end of the palm house stood  
The tree of knowledge of evil and good  
Which only the gardener understood.

It bears no fruit, but the servants say  
It blossomed once on Christmas day—  
The day the master passed away.

At Glastonbury St. Joseph's thorn  
Blooms on the night that Christ is born,  
While Jews are dancing in the corn.

ROBERT ROSS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### NEW IDEAS FOR OLD

No class of educated man is perhaps so liable to lose the sense of proportion as that whose occupation it is endlessly to discuss the poetical productions of its fellows or the classics. Some weeks ago there was an astonishing debate carried on in the correspondence columns of this paper on the rival merits of Shelley and Wordsworth: one of those "questions insoluble by any positive method, since they cannot be answered by the facts, but only by our interpretation of them." On this interpretation these contenders seemed to be not only not agreed, but not yet centred—not yet at work. Now the author whom I have cited has written a book called "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" (A. and C. Black), and I cannot help feeling that, if they were only made aware of his existence, he would stand in the relation of the Arabian Nights magician who offered "new lamps for old" not only to them, but to all those who spend much time in appreciating poetry of acknowledged standing.

The latest voice in this discussion sounded from India, and shed a vivid light on the need of general ideas and general agreement on them, in regard to the interpretation of the use and value of poetry. Asia tells us that Shelley in truth cannot be ranked with the "greatest poets of England or of Europe, but of the whole world." The other greatest poets of "the whole world" being not Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, but "Hafiz, Jelaludin Rumi," and "the great Sufi poets of Persia." This may be so; however, if it is, we who do not possess the languages in which these "greatest" wrote must be content with our own, and see Shelley not as Asia and the whole dumb world would see him, but as England and Europe see him. It is so easy to assume that we are backed by the whole dumb world, far easier than it is to listen when the comparatively small

articulate world cries out to us and tells us we are wrong.

I myself am persuaded that critics should give over the bad habit (for such it has become) of using what are called "test lines" or "jewels five words long." Matthew Arnold set this fashion, but it is followed in a way that he would have deprecated and laughed at. Even supposing that there may be some magic relation between the length to which a memorable thought should run and a decasyllable line; that an idea is true is not enough, its application should be fresh as well. However, Arnold would have been amazed had you suggested to him that a poet's rank depended on the number of lines suitable for quotation that could be picked out of his work by some "little Jack Horner." He had fought all his life against mechanical tests in religion, in literature, in politics. In his essay on Emerson he points out that it is not the fact that a line lends itself to quotation, nor that it is quoted, which makes it a mark of a classic, but the fact that all lovers of English poetry so admire the author's work as to be necessarily familiar with such convenient phrase or line. This it is which makes its common use significant. His own use of quotation as a test of style makes no such appeal to what is widely quoted. He only chose short passages or single lines because they were convenient. He says: "short passages, single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently," not better than long ones save in being more convenient. Again he says: "have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters. It is their accent of sincerity and of lofty import which he wishes us to note when our attention is directed to their matter, their accent of beauty in fluidity, in abundance, in rapidity, in power, when it is to their manner or style which we attend. Alas! he is already used by a crowd of critics as crowds of Christians use their Bibles, without understanding it and even without agreement with it. It was, perhaps, a pity that he, following Aristotle, said "high seriousness" instead of "sincerity," and "higher truth" instead of "greater veracity," because necessarily elevated poetry, when sincere, has high seriousness, and the words of those who attach a high value to truth are momentous or of lofty import. Whereas much beautiful poetry is sincere without being elevated, and veracious without being momentous. So that to have distinguished clearly between the essential qualities, sincerity and truth, and their greatest allies, elevation and momentousness, would have made his definitions still less ambiguous, though he safeguarded them in many other ways. The manner of poetry must always be beautiful, whatever other qualities may be added; this also he might have stated better alone by itself, apart from the other qualities that may go to a supreme poetic style. He did not seek out jewels of expression, as it is now assumed should be done, but was often content with lines that contained no complete thought or with level business lines. It was on qualities of style that he laid stress, not on serviceableness for quotation. However, his light, having been used so much and so wrongly, is now an old lamp, for which a new would be a grand exchange.

Now, it is my opinion that the only advance by a writer of English, since Matthew Arnold, capable of serving as a new lamp for the criticism of poetry has been made by the American, Mr. George Santayana (to whom I referred above) in an essay on the Poetry of Barbarism, dealing chiefly with Whitman and Browning. Not the brilliant essays of Professor Walter Raleigh on Milton and Wordsworth, nor the estimable work of Professor Bradley on the Four Great Tragedies of Shakespeare, nor Professor Murray's enthusiastic book about Euripides, in my opinion, mark such an advance. There is, perhaps, rather a confusing of the standard among them, or at least a failure to apply it with an equal ease and surety. Less remarkable critics are in these respects more strikingly at sea, and approach the confusion of the correspondence before referred to, or of Mr. Herbert Paul in his notorious volume on Arnold in the Men of Letters series.

"Discipline of the heart and fancy is always so rare a thing, that the neglect of it need not be supposed to involve any very terrible or obvious loss." Therefore, I am not hinting at any menacing decadence, but remark a slackening of the strings, a settling down in the chair, a tendency to yawn from the main interest or to smile asides to those who are not really concerned. The old maids of literature, who nurse delirium over their Lambs and FitzGeralds, we shall no doubt always have with us, as we shall always have the poor, even when we get a Labour Cabinet. Nature is responsible and not we ourselves. Still, there is what we might do, and Mr. Santayana has recently published a volume entitled, "Reason in Art" ("The Life of Reason." By George Santayana. Vol. iv.: "Reason in Art." Constable), in which he sets forth the bases of the standard he so deftly applied in his splendid essay on the Poetry of Barbarism. He may, perhaps, in some measure have weakened his position through being so explicit, but in any case he lays a deep debt of gratitude on us. We may study his book and his essay and refrain from the criticism of poetry till we have mastered them. This, at least, we may do. Of course, we might also read Arnold again, but I fear we know his words so well as to make it hopeless that we should ever get at his meaning that way. He is our greatest literary critic—a greater, I think, than Mr. Santayana is likely to prove; but, as this latter says:

To one who fixes his eye on the ideal goal, the greatest art often seems the greatest failure, because it alone reminds him of what it should have been. Trivial stimulations coming from vulgar objects, on the contrary, by making us forget altogether the possibility of a deep satisfaction, often succeed in interesting and winning applause. The pleasure they give us is so brief and superficial that the wave of essential disappointment which would ultimately drown it has not time to rise in the heart.

T. STURGE MOORE.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Phantastes," by Edward Stanley Robertson.]

## FICTION

*Giant Circumstance.* By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

MANY and strange are the devices of the modern novelist in search of material; but few are of such doubtful taste and art as that employed by Mr. John Oxenham in this novel. He takes the story of the death of the Prince Imperial in the Zulu War of 1879, changing a few names and facts; and the result is a poor imitation of the original narrative of Archibald Forbes. The novelist, however, insists that the subaltern who ran away did a braver thing than it was possible to do by staying with, or returning to, his superior officer. It is all very well to prate of moral courage and physical courage being on different planes, but it is a fortunate thing that Mr. John Oxenham's philosophy is not that of the good soldier; if it were so, the army would consist of men of prodigious moral courage always retreating. The death of Prince George of Saxe-Hohenburg-Reisenach, who in the novel takes the part of the Son of France, is only a sort of introduction to the fortunes of the hero, by name Challis—afterwards, owing to a legacy, Carrick—whom giant circumstance makes a worthy person. Having exhausted his stock of modern history, the novelist apparently turned to a report of the Lads' Drill Association, with the help of which he compiles a few chapters on the advantages of drill for gutter boys—Carrick appearing as the philanthropist who pays for the boys' club and instructors. From so commonplace a theme the reader is led on to incidents of treasure-hunts by Spaniards, delving for an Armada relic in Scotland, to the abduction by a Spaniard of Carrick's lady-love and her rescue at sea. This latter part of the book is in the most approved style of the cheaper kind of magazine, and quite unworthy of Mr. Oxenham. It is to be hoped that he will not again err from the paths of good taste by raking up



events of modern history which are better buried in oblivion, since to many still living they are a source of unending sorrow and shame.

*Folly.* By EDITH RICKERT. (Arnold, 6s.)

WE read this story with a divided mind, trying honestly to look at the characters from the author's point of view and sometimes, but not always, succeeding. It would certainly not be fair to discuss the book from the conventional point of view, that will not tolerate any divergence from the accepted moral law. *Folly*, her husband, her lover, and the old lady, rather distressingly called "matrinal," live in a cloud-world where accepted law can be set aside without offence or degradation. When people in real life act as these people did, we condemn them, either by our laughter or our censure; and, when a novel with this plot is written with any touch of coarseness or with any want of humour, we put it away. But it would be cruel to laugh at *Folly* or even at her husband; and it would be quite impossible to take umbrage at their "goings on." Yet it must be said that the author never carries you far enough from the real world to let you forget it; and it is only on the heights reached by great poetry and great music that love admittedly becomes a law unto itself, sublimated and divine. Every one understands that Cleopatra and Isolde are not to be judged by the standard that sends real sinners to perdition. They are children of air and fire, as incorporeal as the music of word and sound associated with their names. But in the novel before us the people are without much motive and unshaken by passion. They are decorous in an undecorous situation, and undutiful from a perverted sense of duty. *Folly* is a lovable woman and not so bloodless and shadowy as the two men. They are all people with some nobility of nature, but (the Philistine will say) without a grain of common sense.

*Curayl.* By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (Constable, 6s.)

"CURAYL" begins well with a picturesque scene in the old church, and the introduction of two exceptionally interesting people, and it rarely disappoints the promise of the first chapters. Here, as in former novels, the author gives us pleasant proof of her quality as a story-teller; but construction is not one of her strong points. The plot of "*Curayl*" is rather a patchwork of events, scenes and incidents, which have a way of repeating themselves not always in harmony with the progress of the story. The fever epidemic is worked out beyond the limits of its importance or its interest for the reader, and a dying man's request concerning a certain packet, which suggested romantic possibilities, has no particular bearing upon the course of events. Beatrice Curayl has married Sir William Goyte for his money and her father's convenience. She longs to break the bargain between herself and her despised and despicable husband, but is restrained by the advice of a stranger, Anthony Luttrell, who reminds her that "it is not gentlemanly for either party to cry off." Then comes the epidemic, and Sir William's refusal to help the tenants drives Beatrice to offer her personal assistance to the little band of volunteers who are fighting the fever. She finds Luttrell in command, adored and obeyed by all. Nothing new in all this, and Beatrice's and Luttrell's fate is a foregone conclusion; but the manner of it has nothing of commonplace. The developments of the finer side of Beatrice's nature, from the moment she realises that sordid motives alone prompted her to marry Sir William to the end of her purgation show that Miss Silberrad is capable of doing strong and skilful work, as wholesome as it is clever.

*Tales of the Fish Patrol.* By JACK LONDON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

TALES of this type, monotonous in theme and wholly without magic of style, have yet their recognised right to appeal to the large unlettered public that is content to

find in excitement its adequate reward. Fairly exciting the stories certainly are; and they effectively show the peril that surrounds the life of a fish patrolman in his encounters with Chinese shrimp-catchers, Greek sturgeon-fishers, Mexican oyster-pirates and other ill-favoured poachers who set the fish laws of San Francisco Bay at defiance. The capture of Big Alec, the "King of the Greeks," is a neat piece of work; and it is evident that the writer, in his character of successful policeman, requires us to sympathise with him in his difficulties and applaud his skill. But unfortunately that is just what we cannot always do. Take such a story as this, of "The Lancashire Queen." A handful of desperate Italians in a skiff have successfully baffled the patrolmen for days. At last the latter by a ruse board "a four thousand horse-power pleasure-yacht" and ruthlessly chase the skiff. In the supreme moment of triumph, "Charley," the hero of this thrilling episode, points to the forty-five-miles-an-hour yacht and exclaims: "Look at that! Just look at it! If the invention of that is not imagination, I should like to know what is! Of course, it's the other fellow's imagination, but it did the work all the same." . . . It requires an American to admire this. Yet, for all that, "Charley" can do brave things; and his picturesque personality counts for much throughout the entire series of adventures. Indeed, "Charley's Coup," the fifth tale of the set, shows him at his best. It is the most diverting of them all.

*Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift.* By E. ACEITUNA GRIFFIN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is an amusing story with a good moral. The moral (for men) is that husbands must not be selfish and tyrannical: the moral (for women) is that, if wives run away from home, they will probably want to come back. The whole tone of the story is bright and innocent, and there is no guile in Joy's running away. On the contrary, we are delighted when a clever old lady provides her with money enough for the purpose. Toby was an excellent husband, no doubt, but he could not imagine that his lively, charming wife wanted anything more than he gave her: anything more than a roof to her head, enough to eat, and the constant unfriendly companionship of his dull mother and sister. When she tried to take more he put his foot down in his solid British way. That situation is always amusing when it is not tragic. You want to see how a man is going to enforce his rights in these days of equality and emancipation. Unless he can stop all supplies it is not easy, for to invoke the law is to acknowledge shipwreck. But social opinion is still on his side and will make things uncomfortable for a woman who has drifted from her husband without good reason. It must be said that Joy Archdale's reasons were not weighty, but her conduct was spirited and her adventures are entertaining. Toby has the qualities of his defects, and it was a foregone conclusion that his wife would be the one to give in. His British foot was rather heavy, but his British heart was in the right place. His loyalty to Joy and his faith in her were never shaken; and she certainly led him a pretty dance—just as pretty as he deserved.

*The Paramor Papers.* By FLORENCE POPHAM. (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.)

THE startling and misleading title of this book gives no idea of its contents, and those who take it up in the hope of finding stories of plot and passion will be sadly disappointed. On the other hand, the reading of these humorous papers will give a good deal of pleasure to those who like their mental food to be light and easy of digestion. The author has quaint and original things to say about the minor matters of life, and she appears to come smiling out of most of her dilemmas and experiences. She is evidently one of those lucky people who can see the funny side of things, even if they go so far along the road of discomfort as losing their light luggage in a train or enduring the society of an extremely interfering and trying aunt by marriage. There is a delightful chapter on her

attempt to teach her children the "Morte d'Arthur"; they insist upon her taking part in their dramatic versions of that noble book. She has the feminine weakness of moving house as often as it can be done and has amusing things to say about "our street" and "minor economies." In fact, there is not a dull page in this bright and pleasant little book.

*Concerning Paul and Fiammetta.* By L. ALLEN HARKER. (Arnold, 5s.)

CHILDREN are delightful little people, and Paul and Fiammetta are delightful children—especially Paul, with his mania for reading and his devotion to dogs, and to his friend Tonks. Tonks has no existence except in Paul's own imagination, but is the truest of true friends for that very reason. Paul likes to sit in window-seats and read, and his favourite window is in his mother's bedroom, for there he is unmolested. On one occasion, however, the book he was reading was rather dull (there are such books): his attention wandered to the telegraph-boy standing by the hall door, and the splendid plan leapt to him to empty the contents of the water-bottle quietly upon the telegraph boy's head. That is one of these sketches, twenty-one in all, and one of the most attractive. But it is not easy to choose between it and that which recounts Fiammetta's initiation into the joys of watching cricket, or the fishing-party, where with father's best split-cane the children angle with a pinktail for trout in the farm-yard and succeed in catching a farm-yard duck and a sound scolding which ends in premature bed. But their fly-fishing father sympathised. It is easy to imagine many parties both in the schoolroom and downstairs where these sketches will be read aloud and approved enthusiastically.

## FINE ART

### A HARDY ANNUAL

THE publishers of "The Year's Art, 1906" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), intimate that they "will be greatly obliged to readers who can direct their attention to any inaccuracies or deficiencies." This announcement, it is true, is made with special reference to the "List of Fine Art Dealers in London and the Provinces," but we venture to hope that neither publishers nor editor will resent attention being directed to "inaccuracies and deficiencies" in other sections of what is already an annual of much utility to all interested in British Art.

To begin at the beginning, then, the calendar with its *memorabilia* calls for stringent revision. Here the birth-days of contemporary artists are recorded with profuse, perhaps too profuse, generosity, while the anniversaries of the most celebrated of the great masters are for the most part passed over in silence. Surely the births and deaths of Raphael, Michelangelo, Dürer, Rembrandt, Reynolds and Raeburn, for example, are as worthy of commemoration as the death of Mr. Du Maurier or the birth of Mr. C. W. Wyllie. Still more extraordinary is the following entry for January:

23. Tu. Leeds Receiving Day. Leeds.  
A. C. R. Carter born, 1864.

Mr. A. C. R. Carter is the editor of "The Year's Art." On the same day in 1810 John Hoppner was born, in 1832 Edouard Manet was born, in 1883 Gustave Doré died, and in 1896 died Lord Leighton.

The brief survey of the art happenings of 1905 is a fairly efficient summary of events, though it is difficult to understand why, if the exhibition of the Rokeby Velasquez at Messrs. Agnew's be chronicled, no mention should be made of the exhibition of Titian's portrait of Pietro Aretino at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's and of *The Letter* by Jan Vermeer of Delft at Messrs. Sulley's. The Fantin-Latour exhibition at Messrs. Obach's was also well worthy of special mention.

Much valuable space is wasted by a list of the members of the Royal Academy from its foundation to the current year and by a complete list of the exhibitors at the Academy of 1905. The first is unnecessary, since it is to be found in many works of reference, while the official catalogue is a sufficient record of the second. In future editions we hope these will be omitted and the space gained might be devoted to a brief survey of the principal exhibits not only at the Academy but at the International, the New Gallery, the Old Water-colour Society, the New English Art Club, the Scottish Academy, the Glasgow Institute, and many other important exhibitions which go unnoticed. Space might also be found for some review of the Paris salons and other Continental exhibitions. In the section dealing with "Foreign Art Institutions" no reference whatever is made to the very fine collections at Berlin and Dresden. Indeed, those cities and the rest of Germany, with the exception of Munich, find no acknowledgment in this work.

The chapter dealing with the art sales of the year is certainly one of the best and most valuable in the book, but it cannot be considered authoritative, as the editor claims, when the sale of the portraits of the artist and his wife for thirteen thousand two hundred guineas is asserted to be a new Raeburn record. Apart from the fact that it is misleading to bracket together thus two works which were sold separately, Raeburn's portrait of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster realised at Christie's three years ago a higher sum than the total of these two portraits.

"To the additional time and trouble taken in verifying and correcting" the Directory of Artists the editor attributes "the slight delay in publication" of his annual. This very useful feature may certainly be said to be complete, remarkably so in fact, since it contains the name and address in Paris of H. de Toulouse-Lautrec who died five years ago. Moreover, though complete, this directory, like its verification and correction, is not exhaustive. Illustrators especially seem to be neglected; among notable omissions are those of Messrs. G. D. Armour, Herbert Railton, and A. S. Forrest, R.I., while, if American artists be included, as they are, there can be no justification for leaving out the names of Mr. Alexander Harrison, Mr. Howard Pyle, and Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Last, in the list of London dealers, the amalgamation of Messrs. Van Wisselingh and Van Hoytema is not noted, and the old addresses of both are given instead of their new one at the Dutch Gallery, 39 Old Bond Street. The list of Paris dealers, no doubt, does not pretend to be complete: still, there is no excuse for omitting so historic a firm as Messrs. Durand Ruel.

With a little more care and trouble in verifying and correcting, the utility of "The Year's Art" might be considerably increased, and since even in its imperfect condition it is without a rival, we have little hesitation in saying that it should be included in every art library.

### SOME MASTERPIECES OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING

THE little exhibition at Mr. Gutekunst's gallery, open during this month and April, is one which nobody who cares for fine prints should fail to visit. Five masters only are represented, and there is but a single example of Rembrandt, the portrait of Janus Sylvius; but of Dürer, Méryon, Whistler and Haden, there are considerable groups. The Dürers include such masterpieces as *St. Eustace* and *The Knight, Death and the Devil* in exceedingly fine impressions; *The Knight*, indeed, from the Fisher collection, is probably without a rival for brilliancy and perfect preservation. The *Melancholia* is not quite so good, but the heraldic plates and the *Great Horse* are fine. The Méryons are splendid throughout and include five of the impressions on green paper justly valued by collectors. The first states of *La Morgue*,



*Le Pont Neuf* and *Le Pont au Change* are especially noteworthy, and the rare first state of *L'Abside de Notre Dame* is interesting for its dedication in Méryon's autograph, though it is not so impressive as the memorable proof on green paper exhibited at a neighbouring gallery a few years ago. There are nine other etchings by Méryon, and all are good. Whistler is well represented by a number of the Venice etchings, two beautiful proofs of the Thames set, and a few less often seen, such as *Lindsay Houses* and *The Damwood*. Last, there are eight Seymour Hadens, all of remarkable excellence, which include the lovely *Sunset in Ireland*, an unusually fine *Mytton Hall*, and a trial proof of *Shere Mill-Pond*, washed in sepia by the artist. There are novelties in abundance to be seen just now in London, but when curiosity is sated it is pleasant to linger among acknowledged masterpieces of so high quality and interest.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a "History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day," by Professor Saintsbury. It is to be in three volumes, and the first volume, which traces the history of prosody up to Spenser, will be published immediately.—Early in April Messrs. Macmillan will publish "Lady Baltimore," a new novel from the pen of Owen Wister; and a new edition of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," with coloured illustrations.—The same publishers have almost ready the first volume of the Complete Tennyson they are issuing, in five volumes, India paper, in the Pocket Classics series.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish next week "Ten Tudor Statesmen," by Arthur D. Innes. The book deals with Henry VII.; Wolsey; More; Thomas Cromwell; Henry VIII.; Somerset; Cranmer; William Cecil; Walsingham; and Raleigh.—The same publisher has ready an interesting book from the pen of Alexander, Lord Lamington, entitled "In the Days of the Dandies," which has an introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell.

An announcement of interest to sportsmen is "The Complete Cricketer," by Albert E. Knight, which Messrs. Methuen will issue immediately. The Leicestershire professional devotes chapters to the historical development of cricket and these are followed by chapters for young aspirants to honour. The final portion of the book is devoted to cricket in Greater Britain, the characteristics of Australian grounds, the preparation and peculiarities of their wickets, and a personal impression of a Test Match at Sydney.—Early in April Messrs. Methuen will add to their Little Guides Series "Northamptonshire," by Wakeling Dry.

Early next month Messrs. Alf. Cooke will publish "The Silvery Thames," by Walter Jerrold, with reproductions in colour of the Water-Colour Paintings of Thames Views, by Ernest W. Haslehurst, now exhibited at Messrs. Dickinson's Gallery.

Some time in April Mr. Unwin will publish Lord Hindlip's "Sport and Travel." Lord Hindlip here gives an account of a six months' expedition into Abyssinia, and of two sporting trips in British East Africa. In Abyssinia he was received by the Emperor Menelik, and his tour through the country was eventful both in sport and adventure. In the section devoted to British East Africa, Lord Hindlip describes his sport with elephant, rhinoceros, lion, buffalo, giraffe, leopard, etc.—The same publisher has in the press two books which should prove of interest: "Schiller's Dramas and Poems in England," by Thomas Rea; and "Old German Love-Songs," by F. C. Nicholson, translated from the Minnesänger.

Messrs. Constable will publish in a few days a novel from the pen of Mr. G. Harold Spender. The theme of "The Arena" is the part played by women in politics.—Another novel announced for early publication by the same firm is "Mr. John Strood," by Percy White.

An interesting addition to the reference library—"The Green Room Book, or Who's Who on the Stage"—is announced for publication to-day by Mr. T. Sealey Clark. The new annual is illustrated, and nearly four hundred pages are devoted to condensed biographies of prominent actors and actresses, managers, authors, composers, critics, vocalists, etc., connected with the British, American and Continental stage. A series of genealogical tables, setting forth the origin and descent of about twenty of the best known theatrical families is given, together with information concerning the licensing of the London theatres and halls, a list of plays of the year (giving dates of production and withdrawal), descriptions and details of the leading theatrical clubs, charities, and other professional associations, a list of theatres, music and concert halls of the United Kingdom, and digests of theatrical law cases.

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 28 "The Newell Fortune," by Mansfield Brooks, a new novel by a new author. On the same date he announces "Love's Testament," a sonnet sequence, by G. Constant Lounsbury, and a reprint of Anthony Trollope's "The Small House at Allington."

Mr. J. A. Bridges's book, "Reminiscences of a Country Politician," is nearly ready, and will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie. One of the non-political reminiscences concerns the author's experiences with the East Kent Militia during the Crimean War.

Messrs. Bell have in the press a book on Steam and Water Turbines, in which the theory of the subject is developed concurrently with its history, in such a way as to make it readily intelligible to the general reader. It will contain many illustrations.—Messrs. Bell are also about to publish a new and cheaper edition of what is perhaps Abbot Gasquet's best-known work, "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries." The present edition has a new preface by the author.

Mr. Elliot Stock has in the press "Returned with Thanks," a new story founded on modern literary life, by Mrs. Maxwell Prideaux.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, will shortly issue in their Sixpenny Series "My Friend Prospero," by the late Henry Harland, who was, unquestionably, a writer of exquisite English.—The same firm announce the next volume of the Merriman Series of Sixpenny Editions: "From One Generation to Another."

"The Salvation Army and the Public," by John Manson, which Messrs. Routledge announce for immediate publication, is a critical examination of Salvationism in its religious, social, financial, and other aspects. While showing the interdependence of the different parts of the complicated Salvationist machine, the author draws attention to evils, abuses, and dangers which, he maintains, are at present concealed by the Army's autocratic constitution and methods of publicity, and suggests certain reforms.

Mr. Elkin Mathews announces for early publication a new volume of verse entitled "Dramatic Lyrics" by John Gurdon.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that your Reviewer's letter compels me to return to the charge, but there are questions involved the importance of which must excuse my pertinacity.

Your Reviewer originally urged that the work was deprived of value for scholars because the translations in vol. ii. were free paraphrase. I pointed out that vol. ii. likewise contained literal versions so that the scholar's interests were cared for. He now accuses Professor Leahy of inconsistency because vol. i. does not likewise contain literal versions. As a simple matter of fact, Professor Leahy originally intended issuing literal versions with vol. i. likewise. Questions of size and cost determined their exclusion. But I cannot see that the procedure adopted involves inconsistency. The versions in vol. i. are literary, not literal; but they are faithful, as faithful, say, as Jowett's Plato. The versions in vol. ii. are not, in this

sense, faithful; they are avowedly paraphrases. Vol. i. is thus of value to the student of Middle Irish speech without the literal version; vol. ii., lacking the literal version, would be of little value. It is thus quite legitimate to include it in one case and omit it in the other. Your Reviewer further finds fault with Professor Leahy for not having harmonised the discordant forms in which the *Serglige Conculainn* has come down to us. It never occurred to Professor Leahy to commit such an unpardonable sin; had he designed it I should certainly have refused to countenance him. The text is quite one of the most valuable remains of Irish mythico-heroic sagas. As it has come down to us it represents the fusion rather of two independent legends than of two faulty transcripts of the same legend. To have obscured this fact would have been to deprive this portion of the book of all interest in the eyes of those who want to know what early Irish literature is. The omission of what is an obvious afterthought, perhaps intended as some sort of link between the legends which the redactor of the Yellow Book of Slam maladroitly jumbled together, seems to me perfectly defensible.

As regards the scribal confusion between the two Eochais left uncorrected in the text although noted in the Notes, your Reviewer is evidently unaware that Professor Windrich has drawn critical conclusions from this very fact. With these conclusions Professor Leahy does not agree; all the more did he think himself bound not to obscure any fact that at first sight seemed to tell against him. The "higher criticism" of Mediæval Irish Literature is as yet in its infancy. An indispensable prerequisite is accurate presentment of facts, whether in texts or versions. Among such facts are scribal errors.

Editors and Publishers of Irish literature are between the devil and the deep sea. If they bear in mind the requirements of scholarship, they are accused of pedantry and their work is ruled out of court as lacking all interest to the general public. If they avow their appeal to the latter, any withholding of the mint and cumin and anise of the most rigidly strict scholarship is cast in their teeth. The object of comment seems to be to discourage rather than to encourage, to drive editors into the Scylla of unsaleability or the Charybdis of unscholarliness.

Speaking with some experience, I would demur to this attitude as unnecessary. The public, Irish or English, requires no inducement to turn aside from the study of Irish literature. Far from it. The work of essaying to arouse public interest is thankless enough without its being needlessly hampered by superfluous captiousness.

ALFRED NUTT.

#### THACKERAY, NOT ANOTHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read Mr. William Archer's interesting column (in one of the daily papers) in which he cleverly argues against my ascription to Thackeray of the authorship of the review of the "Crimes" of Dumas. It is quite true that my reasons for including the essay in "The New Sketch Book" are very briefly given in my introduction. I might easily have filled a page with them—but I had eleven essays to deal with in a very few pages.

Mr. Archer's three points are these: (1) The "respect" the anonymous reviewer appears to have for Dumas and the disrespect which Thackeray is thought to have felt for him in 1842. (2) The reviewer's possession (or affectation of possession) of a good deal of historical knowledge. (3) The style in which the review is written.

As to (1) Mr. Archer, I think, overlooks the fact that Thackeray's hostile criticism of Dumas as shown in the earlier writings was directed against plays. Mr. Archer can scarcely have read Thackeray's essay on Dumas's "Travels on the Rhine" which appeared in the same number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, the "Celebrated Crimes" at p. 36 and "The Rhine" at p. 105. No one would venture to challenge Thackeray's authorship of the latter essay and no one who reads it could fairly say that Thackeray was without respect for Dumas. I agree that he had none for his plays either in 1842 or at any time.

(2) As to independent historical knowledge, I scarcely follow Mr. Archer's reasoning. Thackeray (I assume that the writer was Thackeray) was engaged by the editor of an important Quarterly to write a lengthy essay on an important book. Surely it was the reviewer's duty to get up a little history. Why, in his letter to Edward Fitzgerald, written in 1842 and quoted in my introduction, Thackeray wrote that he had been reading "scores of volumes of history in the most owl-like solemn way." I conjecture that these volumes and the resulting essay are to be associated with the getting up of history the better to grapple with the "Crimes" of Dumas.

(3) As to the style in which the essay is written, this every student of Thackeray must judge for himself. Like most other authors, Dumas included, Thackeray, when writing with a pencil between his teeth and a score of open volumes scattered around him, failed to preserve all the individuality of his style.

It has not occurred to Mr. Archer to ask himself what the reviewer meant by writing in the opening paragraph of his essay on the "Crimes": "We cannot but grieve that it will occur to us before even our present number closes to throw some less flattering light on his remarkably prolific style."

I suggest, Sir, that the critic alluded to the essay on the "Travels on the Rhine" at p. 105 of the same number of the *Foreign Quarterly* and to show (if I can) that both essays were written by the same pen I quote from the latter essay the sentences that follow:

"But with a protest as to the length of the volumes it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours

amusing reading; nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian; and again we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes 'preparatory studies' before visiting a country, which enable him therefore to go through it 'without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan' (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence; any one of the phrases would have answered; but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us believe like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to be in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-acquired knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes."

And again:

"For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic part of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous."

And yet again:

"However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in his earlier youth; and he has grown more moral too and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgia temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him."

Now, Sir, this seems fairly convincing, and in default of absolute proofs to the contrary, I think most people will agree with me in thinking that Thackeray wrote the three essays, that on Hugo's "Rhine Letters," that on Dumas's "Crimes" and that on Dumas's "Travels on the Rhine."

So excellent a critic is Mr. Archer that I should shrink from setting my opinion against his were the question to be resolved on internal evidence alone. Yet I am a little surprised that the reference to Dumas's play "Kean" in the "Crimes" essay (Thackeray nearly always alludes to "Kean" when writing of Dumas—yes, sure enough there is an allusion to it in the essay on "Dumas on the Rhine" also) did not help Mr. Archer to detect Thackeray's authorship.

R. S. GARNETT.

March 13.

#### THE LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though I hold a strong view as to the undesirability, as a general rule, of authors replying to their reviewers, I feel impelled to make an exception in the case of the ACADEMY.

I must really protest against your description of my "Life" as "a collection of literary gossip," and still more, against the statement that I "propose to make an attempt to supersede Lockhart." I should be only too glad, on the contrary, if I could think that, nowadays, people could be induced to read that fine biography, and I can assure your reviewer that the "stern revision" he desiderates has already been made, and that one of the effects of it is the very passage he singles out for animadversion. But I fail to see how "revision" can avail to change opinion.

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

March 17.

[We owe an apology to Mr. Le Grys Norgate. The printer changed *no* into *an* and the passage should read "he makes no attempt to supersede Lockhart." We characterised as literary gossip (without any objectionable intent) Mr. Norgate's attempts to find in real personages the models from which the characters of Scott are drawn; and literary gossip it is. For the rest, he misappropriates to himself a piece of criticism applied to Sir Walter, which shows that a reader is as liable to be careless as is a printer.—ED.]

#### "HOURS WITH RABELAIS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest that the review of my "Hours with Rabelais" that appeared in your columns on Saturday last was written under some misapprehension of the avowed scope of the work?

The book does not profess to be an expurgated edition of the "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," but is, as its title implies, an "anthology," comprising, to quote the preface, "nearly all that is best" in the works of Rabelais.

I submit, therefore, that your Reviewer is not justified in assuming that I have omitted certain passages (which he specifies), because with a hateful prudishness, I discern non-existent "grossness" in them.

The episodes in question were omitted merely to leave room for others that, rightly or wrongly, I deem of more interest and importance.

F. G. STOKES.

March 18.

[Our review of Mr. Stokes's "Hours with Rabelais" was written under no misapprehension. We were content to accept his own account of his work. Here are the opening sentences of his preface: "A well-known commentator—M. Jean Fleury—has recorded his opinion that the grossness which characterises (and, as many a good Pantagruelist will admit, sullies) much of the work of the great Frenchman, forms no



essential part of his book. . . In this volume of selections from the *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, an attempt has been made to remove the blemish here referred to. In other words the text of Rabelais has been expurgated, and, with whatever motive he was inspired, Mr. Stokes has done his work so thoroughly, that "Hours with Rabelais" may be safely read aloud in a mixed school of girls and boys. We are therefore justified in assuming, as we do, that certain passages were omitted by Mr. Stokes, on account of the "grossness" which he discerned in them.—Ed.]

# A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a letter in "The Remains" of Lord Verulam which I happened to notice in Lord Ellesmere's Library a few days ago.

The final words are rather curious in view of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, and you may perhaps think it worth while to print the letter.

March 20.

STRACHAN HOLME,  
Librarian to the Earl of Ellesmere.

THE REMAINS OF THE R.H. FRANCES LORD VERULAM, ETC.,  
London, 1648.

A Letter to Mr. Davies then gone to the King at his first entrance. MR. DAVIES.—Though you went on the suddain yet you could not go before you had spoken with your self to the purpose whereof I will now write. And therefore, I know not, but that it was altogether needless save that I meant to shew you, that I was not asleep. Besides I commend my self to your love, and to the well using of my name, as in reposing and answering for me if there be any biting and bibbling at it in that place, as in impressing a good opinion of me chiefly in the King of whose favour, I make my self comfortable assurance, as otherwise in that Court; and not only, but generally to perform to me all the good offices, which the vivacity of your wit can suggest to your mind, to be performed to me, in whose affection you have so great sympathy, and in whose fortune, you have so great interest: So desiring you to be good and concealed Poets, I continue.

Yours etc.

# "A GENTLEMAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Algernon Ashton's recent claim to have been the originator of a certain retort reminds me that in 1878 or 1879 I was told the following of the late Rev. H. C. Moxon, then studying for holy orders. He had been attacked with some acerbity by a fellow student on account of sundry Church views. The calm and smiling amiability with which he bore the fiercest onslaughts produced at length the irrelevant remark: "You call yourself a gentleman." Moxon, who had the rare grace of never losing his temper in argument, quietly replied: "I didn't call myself a gentleman."

Literary celebrities who may be inclined to accuse others of plagiarism might do well to ponder the natural history fact that similarity of environment has repeatedly occasioned the evolution from very diverse organisms of what look like imitative forms.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

March 12.

# "HYACINTH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I waited for a week in order to let some one else protest against the review of "Hyacinth, by George A. Birmingham" in your issue of March 5. I have not read the book myself but the review of it is the most ill-informed thing of the kind I have ever seen in what ought to be a first class literary journal.

If your Reviewer had taken the pains to inquire he ought easily to have discovered that "George A. Birmingham" is the assumed name of the Rev. J. Hannay, Rector of Westport, Co. Mayo, an Irishman born and bred, and the author of one of the most interesting pictures of this country presented to the public these many years—I mean "The Seething Pot." Your Reviewer would then have been saved from the glaring blunder that "it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it." Perhaps he will now admit that the author knows a little more about Ireland than his Reviewer. I do not know the Rev. Mr. Hannay; with some of his opinions I might not agree; but that he is a keen observer of things Irish few will refuse to admit. He is also a well-known member of the Gaelic League.

As I have not read "Hyacinth" I cannot quarrel with your Reviewer's opinion that it is "a novel without a backbone; lacking a plot, lacking an ending, and lacking a purpose." It would perhaps not be quite fair to judge the trustworthiness of this opinion by the value of the succeeding statement: "Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history (he speaks of *Castlereagh* evidently confused by a tourist's recollection of *Lough Rea*)."

If "Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history" your Reviewer has less of Irish Geography. *Castlereagh* is a tolerably well-known town in Co. Roscommon, *Loughrea* is a town in Co. Galway,

*Lough Rea* is one of the expansions of the River Shannon, but where may I ask your Reviewer is *Lough Rea*?

I think also that Mr. Birmingham does probably "know the difference between the brogue and the brogues." Your Reviewer need have no uneasiness on that score.

Finally let me hope that all your reviews of books are not written with the same cock-sure ignorance that this unfortunate notice displays.

W. H. WELPLY.

Our Reviewer replies:

(1) If Mr. Welply has not read "Hyacinth" he is not in a position to arrogate to himself the right to decide whether or no my review is a "most ill-informed thing."

(2) I am, and was, perfectly well aware of the identity of the author of "Hyacinth." I was aware of his identity when I reviewed—not for the ACADEMY—"The Seething Pot." It is nothing to me. If Mr. Hannay assumes the name of Birmingham, it is my province to treat him as Birmingham not as Hannay.

(3) "The Seething Pot" was not "one of the most interesting pictures of [Ireland] presented to the public these many years." It was not at all interesting and betrayed a very superficial knowledge of Ireland.

(4) I was guilty of no "glaring blunder" when I said that "it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it." It did appear to me that Mr. Birmingham had done these things. It still appears so to me. An intelligent tourist would have gained a wider knowledge of Ireland in a few months than Mr. Birmingham possesses.

(5) I do not admit that "the author knows a little more about Ireland than his Reviewer." He knows nothing of the real Ireland—or if he knows anything of it he does not exhibit his knowledge in his books. Mr. Birmingham, if he be a "keen observer of things Irish," does not profit by his observation.

(6) Mr. Welply's last paragraphs are hardly worth attention. He has not read "Hyacinth," yet he assumes to give me information and advice! I have as perfect an acquaintance as any, I think, with Irish geography. Unfortunately for Mr. Welply's display of knowledge, when Mr. Birmingham mentioned "Castlereagh" he was dealing not with the town, but with a man whose name was not Castlereagh.

(7) Rea is merely an alternative spelling for the "expansion of the Shannon" which Mr. Welply calls Rea.

# AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On our common national Saint's day, I see your collaborateur, Dr. Tyrrell, on "Herodas," p. 257 of your paper, does not acknowledge my priority of claim to the translation of *Mime iii*, 61.

As far back as November 11, 1905, in the ACADEMY, I said the reference was to what "French schoolboy's" jargon calls "*la lune*." The Doctor appropriates the view in these words: "an ingenious idea is to read . . . in the sense of *pueri nates*," without giving my name. And yet I also am, as is he, an "ingenious" Irishman, and claim the "*p. n.*" The Doctor is not "frugi consumere nates."

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes University, March 17.

[Mr. Johnson is quite correct in his facts, but we consider it hardly fair to suggest that Professor Tyrrell "appropriates" his suggestion. The words Mr. Johnson quotes from Professor Tyrrell's article show that of themselves.—Ed.]

# TWO POINTS OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"Tell it not in Gath" lest "The Philistines" rejoice; that on page 267 of this week's journal appears this incorrect paragraph: "Owing to pressure on our space a number of letters is held over."

Even an erudite editor of a literary journal is apt to inadvertently overlook a grammatical error, in a notice set up by an illiterate compositor.

O, ye gods of Tavistock Street! The inerrancy of even literary journalists is invalid thereby. Thanks all the same for your valuable journal which is microscopically perused each week.

T. H. ASHELFORD.

March 17.

[We are prepared to defend our grammar; but are there no instances of even clever correspondents being apt "to inadvertently overlook" a grammatical error?—Ed.]

# BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

Wessex. Painted by Walter Tyndale; described by Clive Holland. 9 x 6½. Black, 20s. net.

Voysey, C. F. A. *Reason as a basis of Art*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 29. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

[A plea for the expression of the higher individuality in art—especially in house-building—by the architect who builds those beautiful white country-houses with green roofs.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- A Friend of Marie-Antoinette* (Lady Atkyns). Translated from the French of Frédéric Barbey. Preface by Victorien Sardou. 9x6. Pp. xix, 252. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
- [Charlotte Walpole, the daughter of Robert Walpole, made her first appearance on the stage in *Love in a Mist*, at Drury Lane, on October 22, 1777, and married Sir Edward Atkyns in June 1779. After a short residence in England Sir Edward and Lady Atkyns removed to Versailles, arriving there probably just before the first revolutionary troubles broke out. She became a close friend of Marie-Antoinette, and was instrumental in the matter of the Dauphin's escape. The book lacks an index.]
- Lang, Andrew. *Sir Walter Scott*. Literary Lives Series. 8x5½. Pp. 258. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. (See p. 280.)
- Wright, Thomas. *The Life of Richard Burton*. 2 vols. 9½x6. Pp. xxv, 582. Everett & Co. (See p. 277.)
- Robert Browning and Alfred Domett*. Edited by F. G. Kenyon, with portraits. 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 161. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.
- [Letters from Browning and from Joseph Arnould, afterwards the well-known Indian judge, to Alfred Domett, the "Waring" of Browning's poem, written between March 1840, and April 1877. Preface, introduction and notes by Dr. Kenyon. Index.]
- Fitzgerald, Percy. *Sir Henry Irving*, a Biography. 9x6. Pp. xvi, 319. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
- [A new and revised edition, bringing the story to Sir Henry Irving's death and funeral. Well illustrated. Index.]

## DRAMA.

- Early English Dramatists. *Anonymous Plays*. 3rd Series. Pp. 302. *The Dramatic Writings of Richard Wever and Thomas Ingelend*. Pp. 140. Both edited by John S. Farmer. Each 7x4½. Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, 18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury. (See p. 280.)
- [The Anonymous Plays comprise *Jack Juggler*, *King Darius*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *New Custom*, *Trial of Treasure*, and both volumes have the Note Book and Word List.]

## EDUCATION.

- Gilman, Daniel Coit. *The Launching of a University and other Papers*. A Sheaf of Remembrances. 8½x5½. Pp. 386. New York: Dodd, Mead, \$2.50.
- [Dr. Gilman is President Emeritus of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, U.S.A. Some of the articles of which his book is composed have appeared, sometimes in a shorter form, in American magazines. The University he helped to launch was the Johns Hopkins, founded in the 'seventies under the will of a wealthy merchant of that name. The book is full of matter of great interest, especially to those practically or theoretically concerned in education.]
- The Medea of Euripides*. Edited by Harold Williamson. 7½x4½. Pp. xxviii, 150. Blackie, 2s.
- [In Messrs. Blackie's "Illustrated Greek Series," under the general editorship of Professor R. V. Tyrrell. The editor has consulted principally the editions of Wecklein, on which he has drawn freely for illustrative quotations, and of Verrall. Introduction dealing with (1) Greek Tragedy contrasted with Modern Drama; (2) The Life of Euripides; (3) The Story of Jason and Medea; (4) Synopsis of the Plot. Notes (65 pp.); and an Appendix: On Some Idiomatic uses of Particles in the Medea.]
- Precis Writing for Army Classes, Civil Service Candidates, etc.* Compiled and edited by H. Latter, M.A. Second series. 7½x5. Pp. 214. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
- [Contains a fresh selection of exercises, mainly diplomatic correspondence. They are, on the whole, easier than those in the first book.]
- A Selection from the Discourses Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy by Sir Joshua Reynolds*. Edited, with introduction, by J. J. Findlay. 6½x4½. Pp. 216. Blackie, 2s. net.
- [Two-thirds of the Discourses: those which, for various reasons, have been omitted are the fourth (latter half), fifth, eighth (latter half), ninth, tenth, and fourteenth.]
- Thouaille, Albert. *First Steps in Colloquial French*. 7½x5. Pp. 228. Blackie, 2s.
- [The first of a series of books for the study of colloquial French by the psychological direct method.]
- Cann, Alfred L. *Helps to the Study of Milton's Paradise Lost (1-11)*. 7½x5. Pp. lxx, 100. Ralph Holland, 2s.
- [Introduction, full text, notes, examination questions, index to notes.]
- Welch, G. E. *Chemistry Lecture Notes*. 7½x5. Pp. 63. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- [Notes such as would be taken during a course of lessons on State II. Inorganic Chemistry.]
- The Teacher's Black-Board Arithmetic*. Part II. By "Tact." 7½x5. Pp. 96. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- Tales from the Norse*. A selection from the translation of G. W. Dasent. 7½x5. Pp. 223. Blackie, 1s.
- Told to the Children Series. *Swift's Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput and Brobdingnag*. Told to the children by John Lang; pictures by F. M. B. Blaikie. *Thackeray's The Rose and the Ring*. Abridged by Amy Steedman. Each 6x4½. Jask, 1s. 6d. net each.
- Ohlson, E. E. *In the Days of Chaucer*. A pastoral interlude in two scenes. 5½x3½. Pp. 38. Blackie.

## FICTION.

- Mackay, William. *A Mender of Nets*. 7½x5. Pp. 343. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Trafford-Taunton, Winefride. *Igrasil*. 7½x5½. Pp. 309. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Healy, Chris. *Mara: the Story of an Unconventional Woman*. 7½x5. Pp. 356. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Oliver, Lætitia Selwyn. *The Expiation of Lady Anne*. 7½x5. Pp. 257. Drane, 6s.
- James, Geoffrey. *At Break of Dawn*. 7½x5. Pp. 158. Drane, 6s.
- Lillie, Arthur. *The Workshop of Religion*. 7½x5. Pp. 338. Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.
- Sinclair, Upton. *The Jungle*. 7½x5½. Pp. 413. Heinemann, 6s.
- Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. *The Shadows of Life*. 7½x5. Pp. 324. Constable, 6s.

- Field, Elsie. *Evelyn's Quest*. 7½x5. Pp. 231. Glazier, 4s. 6d. net.
- Dane, John Colin. *The Hidden House*. 8x5½. Pp. 376. Cassell, 6s.
- Lubbock, Basil. *Jack Derringer*, a tale of deep water. 7½x5½. Pp. 328. Murray, 6s.
- Pistorius, Fritz. *Doctor Fuchs und seine Tertia: heitere Bilder von der Schulbank*. 7½x4½. Pp. 234. Berlin: Trowitsch. M. 2.40 and M. 3.
- [Stories of school-life in the third class of a "Gymnasium." A sort of pendant to a very popular book, Luise Koppen's "Heitere Bilder aus dem Bodensteider Pfarrhause."]
- Fuller Maitland, Ella. *Blanche Esmead*, a story of diverse temperaments. 7½x5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.

## HISTORY.

- Vambéry, Arminius. *Western Culture in Eastern Lands*. 9x5½. Pp. 410. Murray, 12s. net.
- [A comparison of the methods adopted by England and Russia in the Middle East.]
- Vincent, John Martin. *Municipal Problems in Mediaeval Switzerland*. 9½x6. Pp. 44. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 50c.
- [Series xxiii, Nos. 11, 12 of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.]
- Sell, Rev. Edward. *Islam: its rise and progress*. 6½x4½. Pp. 94. London: Simpkin, Marshall. Madras: S.P.C.K., 9d. net.
- [A simple and popular account based on Dr. Sell's larger works.]
- Diehl, Charles. *Figures Byzantines*. 7½x4½. Pp. 343. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.
- [Studies in Byzantine history and biography before the Crusaders; revealing especially the importance of the place held by women in society and politics. The sections are: La vie d'une impératrice à Byzance; Athénais; Théodora; L'Impératrice Irène; Une bourgeoise de Byzance au VIII. siècle; La bienheureuse Théodora; Les romanesques aventures de Basile le Macédonien; Les quatre mariages de l'empereur Léon le Sage; Théophrasto; Zoé la Porphyrogénète; Une famille de bourgeoisie à Byzance au XI. siècle; Anne Dalassène.]

## LITERATURE.

- Mackail, J. W. *The Progress of Poetry*. An inaugural lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre on March 10, 1906. 9½x6. Pp. 29. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net. (See p. 275.)
- Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*. Edited by Charles H. Grandgent. New Series. Vol. xxi, No. 1, March, 1906. 10x6½. Pp. 278. Cambridge, Mass.: Published by the Association, \$1.00.
- [Contents: Three "Lapland Songs," by F. E. Farley; F. Schlegel and Goethe, 1790-1802, by J. W. Scholl; Nash and the Earlier Hamlet by J. W. Cunliffe; The English Fabliau, by H. S. Canby; Montaigne: the average man, by R. W. Trueblood; Italian Fables in Verse, by K. M'Kenzie.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Nisbet's Golf Year-Book, 1906*. Edited by John L. Low. 7½x5. Pp. 482. Nisbet, 3s. 6d.
- [Contributions by Horace G. Hutchinson, Harry Vardon, R. E. Foster, and others.]
- Saleeby, C. W. *Individualism and Collectivism*. Four lectures. 7½x5. Williams & Norgate, 2s.
- [Apparently the first of a series of books on Constitution Issues. The Lectures were delivered during the General Election, 1906, for the British Constitutional Association, and are "an attempt to expound the principle that the State is only secure in so far as it conserves the liberty and responsibility of the individual.]
- Debrett's *House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1906*. Fortieth Annual Edition. Illustrated with 800 Armorial Engravings. Revised by Members of Parliament, and by Judges of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies. 8½x6. Pp. 464. Dean, 7s. 6d. net.
- Sociological Papers*, vol. II. By Francis Galton, P. Geddes, M. E. Sadler, E. Westermarck, H. Höffding, J. H. Bridges and J. S. Stuart-Glennie. 10½x7. Pp. viii, 307. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.
- [The papers read before the Sociological Society and the discussions thereupon, written communications and replies received, between October 1904, and June 1905. Mr. Galton on Eugenics (Restrictions in Marriage; Studies in National Eugenics; and Eugenics as a factor in Religion); Professor Geddes on Civics: as applied Sociology; Professor Sadler on The School in some of its relations to social organisation and national life; Dr. Westermarck on The Influence of Magic on Social Relationships; Professor Höffding on The Relations between Sociology and Ethics; Dr. Bridges on Some Guiding Principles in the Philosophy of History and Mr. Stuart-Glennie on Sociological Studies. Index.]

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Robinson, Father Paschal. *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi*, newly translated into English with an Introduction and Notes. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xxxii, 208. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 2s. net.

[Father Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor, gives a scholarly introduction on the characteristics of the writings, the early MS. collection and the editions and translations. Then comes a literal translation of the complete works from the Quaracchi edition, the order being occasionally altered and the "Cantic of the Sun" added. The original MS. authorities have been consulted. Appendix dealing with lost, doubtful and spurious writings. Index.]

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### THE BOOKSHELF

WE receive with much pleasure the first volume of a new and cheaper issue of *The Henry Irving Shakespeare* (The Gresham Publishing Co.). It is a work which, in the original form, has already proved itself indispensable to people who are not Sidney Lees or Furnivalls, but take an intelligent interest in Shakespeare, and, when they see a play, like to know all about it before they go. We say, of set purpose, see a play; for the feature of this edition which renders it unique is that throughout it Shakespeare is regarded not as a dead body over which commentators may wrangle, but as a writer of plays whose work may be seen on the stage to this day. Shakespeare, the playwright, not Shakespeare the poet or the philosopher, was first and foremost the object of the late Sir Henry Irving's most arduous studies, and it is as the literary expression of those studies that Mr. Frank A. Marshall's work, reinforced as it is by his own ripe scholarship and sound judgment, makes its appeal. But we must guard at the outset against a possible misconception. Every one knows that the text of Shakespeare, for representation on the stage, is "cut." There is no cutting in the Irving Shakespeare. Every word the poet wrote is given from the best sources; but by a system of simple marks, which there is no mistaking, the passages which may or must be omitted in reading or performance are shown at a glance. The book is thus invaluable to Shakespeare Reading Societies and other such bodies. Any one who has prepared a play for such reading must have realised how extraordinarily difficult it is to cut it down, however roughly, without losing the continuity of the story. How much more difficult to do what Sir Henry Irving did for this edition—cut down every play so as to preserve to the full its artistic proportions, its independence of character, its light and shade, the subtleties which are woven into a close network by the dramatist and go for so much in the proper understanding of his work! We are convinced that if the existence of this edition were more widely known—as it must shortly be—the initial trouble of Shakespeare Readings would be diminished by more than half, and the enjoyment doubled. It is a book which no Shakespeare Reading Society can afford to be without. That is not all. It is a book which gives in very handy compass a mass of accurate and interesting information about each play and about Shakespeare's work as a whole. Mr. Marshall has had the co-operation of a number of leading scholars, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Joseph Knight, Canon Beeching, Dr. Garnett and others; and the result is a commentary very difficult to obtain elsewhere. Each play has its own introduction giving its literary history and a critical note, and including a most interesting and unique section on the theatrical history of the play—who acted it and when—while each is followed by copious but not tedious notes; and the introductory critical and biographical matter by Dr. Dowden is as thorough and accurate as all that great scholar's work. The many pictures, too, all taken from the works of famous Academicians, not to consider their beauty, are of the greatest interest to all who intend to act Shakespeare at school, at home, even on the stage. In fact, for the general reader, the Shakespearean Society, the school class and the amateur actor, this is *par excellence* the edition of Shakespeare's Works. Special features of the new edition are an astute and sympathetic appreciation of Sir Henry Irving by Mr. Bram Stoker, additional illustrations (including a large photograph of the portrait of Sir Henry as Hamlet by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., to be presented to subscribers on completion) and a volume containing Mr. Jerome Harrison's description of the Shakespeare Land, richly illustrated. The price of the whole set of fourteen volumes is only £3 3s.

*The Fancy*, by John Hamilton Reynolds. Prefatory and Memoir Notes by John Masfield (Elkin Mathews).—The chief attraction of this little volume lies in the memoir of Reynolds by Mr. Masfield, and in Reynolds's memoir of Peter Corcoran, the supposititious dead man upon whom Reynolds fathered the poems. The former is a masterpiece of sympathetic biography on a small scale. Mr. Masfield glories in his hero's enthusiasm and extravagance, his many interests, his lusty talent for life. Reynolds's own semi-autobiographical retrospect affects merely to deplore the follies and excesses of his early years, which he feels have told on his health and impaired his prospects; but it is also clearly his last youthful utterance, the regretful sigh of a man who has made up his mind to become respectable, to associate only with people of his own class, to make the conventional distinction between day and night. His best and most poetical work was produced about 1816-17, under the influence of the close and constant companionship of Keats. The poems in the present volume were composed a year or two later, when that influence was withdrawn, after he had become a lawyer and was engaged to be married. Finally persuaded of the necessity of "settling down," he still found it in his heart to write "The Fancy," drawing his inspiration entirely from those past years wherein he devoted himself to wandering about London in quest of experience, when his main object in life was to witness all the fights between the best pugilists of the day. There is so much that is attractive in the personality of Peter Corcoran, the youthful Reynolds, as seen in the two excellent Memoirs, that we turn to the poems with an interest which is doomed to be considerably disappointed. It is shocking to find a friend of Keats writing like Hood, to see him rejoicing in the mournful vulgarity of puns, making an execrable stanza in parody of the beautiful and solemn "Ar hyd y nos," wallowing in slang "come porci in brago." Scattered here and there are many good lines and much good poetical material. These are to be found where the author is writing genuinely

from his own experience, as in some passages of the Beppo-like "Fields of Tothill," and especially in the vigorous lines entitled "What is Life?" But he often failed to take advantage of an excellent opportunity. There is real humour in the idea of poor Corcoran incurring the serious displeasure of his lady-love by appearing before her with two black eyes after "a casual turn-up" on the previous night. Yet when Reynolds comes to write of the incident he makes little out of it but a series of depressing puns. Perhaps the most humorous touch in the piece is partly unconscious: he promises that, if she will forgive him he will never wear boxing-gloves in future!

*The Museums and Ruins of Rome*, by Walter Amelung and Heinrich Holtzinger, English Edition revised by the authors and Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL.D., 2 vols. (Duckworth, 10s. net).

*Rome: a practical guide to Rome and its environs*. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball. (Black's Guide-books, 2s. 6d.).

There has long been wanted a small but full work on the remains of classical Rome. There is, of course, Helbig. There is the invaluable Hare, edited and revised by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, and there are other useful works like Mrs. Burton Brown's admirable little book on the Forum. But Hare is something curt and something of a jumble, and Mrs. Burton Brown only takes a fragment of the subject. There has been nothing quite like Amelung and Holtzinger, and not only visitors to Rome, but students of classic art and history who stay at home should be grateful to Mrs. Strong for giving them the book in English. The first volume, *The Museums*, is by Dr. Amelung, the second, *The Ruins*, by Dr. Holtzinger. These books are not guide-books. They do not describe things just as you happen to meet with them in the course of a walk: they—and especially Dr. Amelung—take a connected view of the works they treat of, showing their development and place in the history of the art, so that under their guidance a visit to the Baths of Diocletian or the Capitol or Vatican Museums is not a series of bewildering leaps from style to style and period to period but a consecutive study of the subject. Every statue or bust is treated also from the point of view of the "human interest." Its intention and significance, besides its place in art history, are pointed out. Take, for instance, the admirable exposition of the statues of Demosthenes in the Vatican: even the scampering tourist, if he has this little book in his hand, must appreciate and remember it far better than he otherwise would, while there is nothing merely sentimental or likely to offend the serious student, who uses this book as a little work of reference. Dr. Holtzinger, in his volume, treats architecture as an art rather than a matter of history, though history, of course, crops up continually, as it must in any worthy consideration of architecture. He does not enter deeply into controverted points (e.g., his description of the "Stadium of Domitian" on the Palatine occupies only nine lines, and there is no discussion of its purpose), but he gives a clear and consecutive idea of all the classical ruins of Rome. More than that; by means of carefully selected illustrations (very different from some of the sensational things one sees in Pili's windows), he gives a clear notion of what some of the buildings were like in their perfect state; and of both these volumes it may be said that the illustrations and plans are a very valuable feature. Altogether, these little books are without their match, and no one should go to Rome without them. Mr. Reynolds-Ball's little book, though briefer and cheaper than the bulky Hare, is, so far as we have tested it, accurate (he cannot be called inaccurate for ascribing the little round temple on the Tiber near Sta. Maria in Cosmedin to Mater Matuta, for no one knows any better) and clear. It has three good plans and thirty pages of sound practical information besides eight illustrations after Mr. Pisa's beautiful water-colours. A very useful book for tourists who want to see only the best and that quickly.

*The Tradition of Scripture: its origin, authority and interpretation*, by the Rev. William Barry, D.D. (Longmans, Green and Co., 3s. 6d.) This is a volume of the "Westminster Library," a series intended for the use of "Catholic priests and students," presumably ecclesiastical students. It would, therefore, be unjust to criticise it from the lay standpoint. The author's preoccupation is theological, not scientific; and, in his treatment of critical questions, he inquires, not what are the conclusions established by the evidence, but what proportion of those conclusions can be reconciled with the pronouncements of Roman authority. The question is one which he doubtless is, and we certainly are not, competent to answer; we can but state the result of his inquiry, which is that the conclusions of criticism are largely accepted in the case of the Old Testament, and mostly rejected in the case of the New. This position, which would be absurd in the case of a scientific critic, is consistent enough in the case of a writer who regards questions of date, authorship and the like as matters which ecclesiastical authority is competent to settle. The book is no doubt well adapted to those for whom it is intended, many of whom will learn from it much that they do not know, particularly about the Old Testament; and it will serve well enough as material for sermons. But priests and students will be well advised not to rely on Dr. Barry's treatment of the critical problems of the New Testament, should they ever be called upon to discuss those problems with persons having a real knowledge of them.

*Rembrandt, a Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part I. (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.) The city of Leyden is celebrating in July the tercentenary of the birth of Rembrandt, and four publishers in England, France, Germany, and Holland—Mr. Heinemann being the English representative—are publishing simultaneously a Record, of which Part I. of the English

version lies before us. The author of the letter-press is M. Emil Michel, than whom no one better could be found; he attempts no detailed study of Rembrandt's biography, but endeavours to "emphasise the main features of his great personality." But, of course, the real point of the publication is the plates. Of these there are seven in the part before us: *The Study of an Old Man* (the chalk drawing in the Louvre); the pen-and-wash drawing of *Tobias and his Family* in the Albertina, Vienna; Mr. Heseltine's pen-and-wash drawing of *The Woman at the Window*; the *Portrait of the Artist* in the National Gallery; *The Syndics of the Cloth Hall* (Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam); *Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen*, in the King's collection; and the *Portrait of a Lady* in the Liechtenstein, Vienna. The first three are in colours, are produced in Paris, and are mounted on the text-paper of the work, which, we are delighted to see, is not plate-paper, but a very fine rough-surface; the last four are Rembrandt photogravures—a process which has now established itself as the very finest possible; and they are certainly superb pieces of work. The decorations are appropriately taken from the publications of the great Plantin Press at Antwerp. There will be ten parts, each with the same number of illustrations, and those who subscribe for the whole work before April 6, will receive in addition a photogravure plate measuring 14 inches by 10 of Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the National Gallery. The printing of the book is the work of Messrs. Ballantyne, and is not the least beautiful part of what promises to be a superbly beautiful production.

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